

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1842.

## VIEW OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS picture cannot fail to impress on the reader the unequivocal features of the regions bordering the Upper Susquehanna. The river of this name issues from Lake Otsego, in the state of New York. Several times it crosses the line between New York and Pennsylvania, and finally runs southeasterly to Wilkes-barre. From thence it turns towards the southwest to the town of Sunbury, where it receives its western branch. It then pursues its course to Harrisburg, the political capital of Pennsylvania, and at Havre de Grace enters the head of Chesapeake Bay. This river is remarkable for its breadth and shallowness. It is of comparatively little use for the purposes of navigation. This has caused the construction of numerous canals along its banks, and slightly divergent into neighboring regions. The country through which it passes has vast mineral wealth, and its resources have been considerably developed.

Northumberland is a place of no great consideration, so far as population is concerned; but it is surrounded with most picturesque scenery, portions of which merit the appellation of sublime. The cliffs and ridges are not only precipitous and rude, but some of them have the magnitude and elevation of mountains. The water scene in the picture is exceedingly beautiful, and creates in one's mind a wish to be there.

The settlement of these central regions was attended with severe hardships, and imminent perils. The incidents of savage warfare and treachery in the Susquehanna valley, and on its tributaries, are of the most thrilling interest, and some of them romantic in the extreme. Many tokens yet remain of the rude defenses constructed by the pioneer fathers of the country for the preservation of their exposed families. An incident is upon record in a work now before us, which is a fair specimen of the tragic scenes which were not of unusual occurrence at the settlement of this country.

An old man who owned a farm about a mile from one of the forts, sent his son and daughter one evening to feed the stock at his barn, and being unwell retired to rest. He soon fell asleep, and dreamed that he saw his two children scalped and running to him for shelter. The dream affected him very much, and starting from his bed, he seized his gun and went in pursuit of them. The result shows that, even to this day, if any great or merciful end can be obtained, God may admonish us by dreams. He reached his farm in great disquiet, and pausing to regain his composure, he saw two Indians advancing towards his children at some distance from him. Lest a sudden alarm should rob them of all their energy, he called to them in a gentle manner, and told them to run to the fort, apprising

them that danger was near. The Indians started in pursuit, pouring forth their savage yells to intimidate the children, and deprive them of the power to escape. The old man showing himself at that moment, with gun in hand, the Indians stopped, and attempted, as their custom is, to shelter themselves behind the trees. He then attempted to run for the fort, but the savages pursued and gained upon him, and he turned to fire. Again they sprang behind trees, and the old man did the same, taking aim at one of the Indians, whose refuge, a small sapling, did not entirely cover his body. As he was on the point of firing, the savage felt his exposure, and dropped behind a prostrate log close at his feet. The next instant the reserved shot took effect beneath the log, and the Indian rolled over, stabbing himself twice in the breast.

Having killed one, the old man, Morgan by name, left the tree, and again fled. The Indian pursued, and the race was continued about twenty rods, when looking over his shoulder, the old man saw the gun raised within a few paces of him. He sprang aside, and the ball whizzed harmlessly by. It was now a more equal contest. Morgan struck at the Indian with his gun, receiving at the same instant a blow from a tomahawk, which cut off one of his fingers. They closed immediately, and the Indian was thrown, but overturned the old man with a powerful effort, and sitting on his breast, uttered a yell of triumph, and felt for his knife. A woman's apron, which he had stolen, and tied around his waist, embarrassed him. Morgan seized one of his hands in his teeth, and getting hold of the handle of his knife, drew it through the Indian's hand, and wounded him severely. In the struggle which followed they regained their feet, and, still retaining the hand between his teeth, Morgan gave him a fatal stab. The savage fell, and the old man, quite exhausted, reached the fort.

Such were some of the incidents of that border warfare which, in the spread of the white settlements farther and farther west, was waged with unrelenting cruelty for so many years. In it our fathers displayed great firmness and heroism; but they did not always exhibit those moral traits which would have added unspeakable lustre to their martial prowess. This very Indian was found alive by a company from the fort, and while pleading for his life, was cruelly tomahawked and scalped. The bodies of both were flayed, and their skins used for shot-pouches.

Where are the Indians now? It is long since their feet pressed the soil of the Susquehanna valley, or their light canoes shot along its banks. How mournful it is to reflect that recently they were sole possessors of these vast regions, whereas now they have no spot assured to them.

Original.

## BURYING THE DEAD.\*

THE grave! How precious are its spoils! How unremittingly it multiplies them! Its gatherings are now more than a hundred generations. For six thousand years, it has been the sole office of Death and his ministers to sow in its bosom the seeds of springing life. It will prove a fruitful soil; for by a slow but certain growth it will produce the harvests of immortality. But its treasures are not its own. They are a sacred trust, which in due time it must render up for the peopling of other worlds. It holds in abeyance the hope of heaven—it holds in abeyance the hope of hell.

No wonder, then, that the grave has been regarded with reverent interest by civilized men from the beginning of the world. No wonder that this interest has illustrated itself in the various modes and ceremonies of sepulture. Why should we look with indifference on the body? The almighty Creator cares for it; and when it is dissolved, he watches its dust. Is it strange that he should impress mortals with concern for that which is an object of his own regard? He has inspired us with this concern. We feel it as an instinct, and religion, which tempers and controls, is not intended to eradicate it.

This regard for the body extends to its separate state, seeking a place for its repose, and impelling surviving friends to watch, and guard, and ornament its sepulchre. And this is not the mere impulse of a superstitious age. As the records of the past fully witness, it was practiced by nearly all the generations of our race.

Historical notices of funeral forms and incidents extend back to gray-haired antiquity. They embrace a period of four thousand years. Let us glance for a few minutes at some of the burial customs which have prevailed amongst the principal nations, in all past time. We shall find that it has been an almost universal usage,

1. To provide receptacles for the dead. In patriarchal ages, sepulchres were common among the Canaanites, as we learn from the language of the sons of Heth, who said to Abraham, "None of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Burial was universally practiced amongst the Hebrews, who excluded from its rites none but such as had committed suicide, and them only for a day. If we may judge from existing monuments, as well as from their history, the Egyptians abounded in tombs which were constructed with singular toil and skill. All are aware that Greece and Rome held the rites of sepulture to be sacred. Other portions of the globe, whose early annals have no place in history, bear the tokens of having cherished early races of men who paid great regard to the interment of the dead.

Amongst the principal nations of the world, burial was so uniform, and so deeply rooted in the mind was

the conviction of its propriety, that it was deemed the greatest misfortune to be deprived of funeral rites. Superstition connected the destiny of the soul with the disposition of the body. On the interment of the one depended, as was believed, the Elysium of the other.

Such having been the sentiment and the usage of antiquity, no wonder that there are many existing monuments and proofs that the fissures of rocks and artificial excavations were anciently used as chambers of repose for the dead. Burial has been so generally practiced, that it can scarcely be considered a sign of civilization. It was common amongst the grossest barbarians. Indeed, it seems that humanity enjoins it, and that in this, the most untutored of her children understand and obey her voice.

2. These receptacles for the dead have been chosen or constructed with reference to *durability*. In primitive times, the most common burial places were the rude work of nature. They were grotts or caves, sometimes in the sides or bases of mountains, and sometimes in rocky vales. In the progress of ages, these rude chambers of death yielded to artificial sepulchres, formed of the caves, or cut out of the solid rock. At length, when kings or heroes were to be honored with a more imposing burial, tombs were erected at great toil and expense, and pains were taken to render them imperishable as nature's own handiwork. As society improved, tombs became common, and were used for the people as well as for the princes. The great expense incurred in their construction was in part avoided by making them merely monumental, while the bodies of those whom they commemorated found a more secure mansion in the grave.

We know, from Scripture testimony, that the sepulchral grotts of primitive times were occupied by successive family generations. For hundreds of years the descendants were laid side by side, in silent repose, with their venerated and patriarchal ancestors. But we know still more. The reports of travelers ascertain to us that some very ancient sepulchres remain to this day. Of this there are the most convincing proofs. Their very appearance suggests it to the antiquarian observer. All tradition concerning them is gone, or lends this hypothesis a strong confirmation. Their inscriptions have lost their significancy, even amongst nations which boast a lineage and literature almost eternal. Thus the receptacles of the dead have been chosen with reference to *durability*. They were constructed for posterity, and, to speak in hyperbole, some of them for eternity; for they survive all the monuments of antiquity.

3. These receptacles of the dead were selected or constructed with reference to *ornament*:—and that of two kinds—namely, the decorations of nature, and those of art. The former consisted of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. These probably beautified the first sepulchre of which we have any description—that of Sarah in Hebron. We learn from the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, that Abraham's purchase embraced the field of Ephron, the cave that was therein, and all

\* An address delivered by the Editor, in July, 1842, on the opening of the Wesleyan Cemetery, near Cincinnati, at the request of the joint committees of the several city stations.



the trees which were in the field, and in the borders round about.

From the language, we may infer that the trees were reserved by special contract, not passing with the soil, as by modern conveyances. Perhaps they constituted the principal charm of the spot, as it appeared to the discerning eye of Abraham, who had just now resigned the care of his flocks, and forsaken the pastoral groves of Beersheba, that he might come and bury his beloved Sarah who had died at Hebron in his absence. It seems that the cave where he wished her remains deposited, was "in the end of the field." Of course its position was in the shade of the border—no doubt gracefully embowered among the overhanging trees, and half concealed by creeping vines, fragrant flowers, and aromatic shrubbery.

It is stated in Holy Writ, that Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, was buried under the shade of a tree, as was Saul, the king of Israel. According to the best evidence, the Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, were accustomed not only to cultivate flowers in the vicinity of their tombs, but to strew the graves of their friends with the leaves of plants, and the boughs of the myrtle. It is certified that to this very day the women of Egypt weekly visit their tombs, and adorn them with flowers, covering them also with palm leaves, and rendering them fragrant with a profusion of sweet basil.

The artificial ornaments of the sepulchre are those of architecture, sculpture, and inscription, to which may be added what is called, by the Evangelists, *garnishing*, or painting the tomb. These decorations have not been used in every age; but they have been common for more than three thousand years. Architecture has varied in different periods. In ancient Egypt it sometimes contributed magnificence rather than beauty, as the eternal pyramids testify. These, to be sure, might have been the ground-work of many clustering ornaments, both of architecture and sculpture; but no tokens of the fact remain. Probably no such decorations belonged to them, but in their construction the single idea was *grandeur*. If so, the object of the builders was attained.

In the cavernous sepulchres of Egypt, and in the tombs of Petra and Palestine, are some specimens of delicate sculpture, which excite the admiration of all intelligent travelers. The finest examples of the art found in Jerusalem or its neighborhood, are in the tombs of the kings. Sepulchral inscriptions, in modern times, not only commemorate posthumous names and virtues, but add variety of ornament. There are ancient inscriptions remaining to this day. Some of them were doubtless ornamental; but generally little can be known either of their significancy or their original appearance. The most of you have read of the written mountains of Arabia, containing numerous inscriptions, which some learned men undertake to maintain were executed in the days of Moses, and which others believe to have marked ancient burial places.

Our Savior speaks of garnishing the tombs of the prophets, from which we learn that in the decline of

the Jewish nation, it was one of the offices of Phara-saic devotion to paint the monuments erected in memory of "holy men of old," or to give them, by some method, an artificial, showy aspect. In Egypt the tombs of the kings on the upper Nile, are embellished with interior paintings, which appear fresh and vivid as the work of yesterday. They are historical and descriptive, and throw much light on the ancient habits and usages of the nation. Travelers speak of these decorations with enthusiastic admiration. Such ornaments are now less used in the east, and are unknown in the west. The orientals still adopt architectural ornaments; but they are of little account in western Europe and America, where sculpture is so much used. Some of the finest productions of this last mentioned art are found in European cemeteries, and rarer specimens in our own burying-grounds. Inscriptions are seldom dispensed with in Europe or America, whenever a stone is used to mark the grave of a deceased friend.

4. In selecting *sites* for tombs or cemeteries, much regard has been paid to convenience. It seems that many of the oriental nations have generally chosen elevated ground; but not uniformly. Job, in one instance, uses language which has been supposed to signify, that in his day the vallies were the most common places of burial. But this meaning of the passage is disputed. "The clods of the valley shall cover him, means," says an eminent critic, "that the green turf around his tomb, like the verdure in some rich vale, or on the borders of a running stream, shall be sweet unto him." In Egypt, Idumea, and Palestine, the tombs are oftener elevated than depressed. They are generally formed in the sides of hills or mountains, possibly because these are precipitous, and the face of a naked and perpendicular rock is conveniently excavated and formed into a sepulchre. Most of the sepulchres in the neighborhood of Jerusalem are on the sides or summits of the hills; yet the valley of Jehoshaphat, a very low ground, contains several tombs which pretend to a high antiquity. It is not probable, however, that the valleys bounding this ancient city were much used for ordinary burial. The pyramids occupy a plain. They skirt the edge of the Lybian desert, close upon the cultivated regions watered and enriched by the Nile. The celebrated ancient Egyptian cemetery, situated near Lake Acherusia, was on low ground. Yet the evidence is conclusive that the high grounds of Egypt were much used for burial.

The primitive Grecians practiced domestic burial, having tombs prepared in their private dwellings. Their heroes and other eminent men were, in after times, buried in their cities. Sometimes the temples of the gods received the remains of very pious and patriotic citizens. Euclides enjoyed this honor, for traveling a thousand stadia in a day to bring hallowed fire from Delphi. At one period it was customary to bury their dead by the highway side, to impress the minds of travelers with a sense of their mortality, and to rouse martial courage in the defenders of a soil, along

whose public roads an enemy could not pass without profaning the sepulchres of their fathers.

The Roman usages were nearly the same. Their public burial places for the patricians were in the Campus Martius, and for plebians without the Esquiline gate. The vestal virgins were buried in the city.

5. In the construction of tombs there has been no uniformity of *figure* or *size*. It seems that in these taste has governed. But it was sometimes a national as well as an individual taste. The Egyptians, for instance, were fond of the pyramid. The foundation of this preference, as stated by Herodotus, is of sufficient interest to be mentioned. They held that the pyramid was emblematic of human life—the ample base representing its origin, and the apex its termination in the grave. The pyramid was also in use among the Greeks and Romans. But the common graves of early Greece were caves dug in the earth—paved in later times, and covered with arches. The Arabians heaped stones upon the grave, after the manner of our American Indians. A single stone for a monument came into use in process of time; and at last this began to be fashioned by the chisel, till it grew into exquisite beauty under the hand of the artist. Among the Mohammedans the graves of eminent men are surmounted by large structures, supported by columns, and arched over head. The Campanian tombs, in which were found the beautiful Grecian or Etruscan vases, are mere inclosures of ashler, roofed with shelving flag-stones. But it were endless to describe the forms which rude or refined taste, an erring superstition, or a wanton invention has impressed on the dwellings of the dead.

6. The burial customs of every age betray the strength of our regard for *patrial, social, and domestic relations*. Turn, for illustration, to the closing scene of the life of Jacob. He had exacted an oath from his son Joseph not to leave him in Egypt, but to convey his body to Canaan, and bury him with his fathers. The oath was not forgotten. And the appeal of the pious patriarch, in his last moments, is full of touching pathos. We seem to see him in the agonies of death, surrounded by his sons, the heads of Israel's tribes, on whom had just descended his last paternal blessing. But on one is fixed his chief regard. It is his Joseph, who bends reverently over him, and listens to catch his dying whisper. Fastening on the juror his beseeching eye, with frequent pauses to recover his fleeting breath, he says, "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in Machpelah, before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife: there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah." His wife, his kindred, and his country! these, and the hope of mingling his dust with theirs, occupy his dying thoughts. Joseph in turn took an oath of his brethren, as the representatives of their descendants, that his bones should be carried up from Egypt.

Frequent hints in sacred history assure us that the

Hebrews valued above price the privilege of home burial. The Grecians scarcely reckoned burial a blessing, unless its rites were performed by their relatives and they were placed in the sepulchres of their fathers. At any rate they considered foreign burial worse than death. Such is the sentiment in the following epitaph of one who was buried in a distant clime—

"From my dear native land remote I lie;  
O, worse than death! the thought is misery!"

The original proprietors of this soil—a thousand tribes diminished and brought low by the consuming vices of white men—have been driven abroad. Taking up their march for the wilderness, what has been the principal theme of their lament? As they turned their faces to the setting sun, they mourned not the loss of their hunting grounds, but their exile from the graves of their fathers. They are savages; but theirs is the voice of humanity—not merely in its barbarous and depraved, but in its purified and polished state.

To this deep and universal affection for country, friends, and kindred, we may probably trace the cemetery, or the practice of gathering the bodies of the dead into places of common burial. This is an ancient usage; for some of the spacious sepulchres of early times were occupied by whole families in their generations, and sometimes by a whole tribe or people. But the first burial ground that we read of, bearing a strict resemblance to the modern cemetery, is that already mentioned in Egypt. Allowing much for fable, it is represented to have been situated on a lake called Acherusia, near Memphis. It was a spacious plain, with a sandy surface, but at a slight depth composed of solid rock. It was surrounded with groves, and intersected by artificial water courses, whose borders were verdant, and enameled with aromatic, flowering shrubs. It was called *Elisout*, or *Elisiæns*, signifying rest. From this might have been borrowed the poetic Elysium of Homer and other pagan writers. In its details this description may be fabulous; but it seems that the Egyptians had one or more field cemeteries, somewhat resembling those of later times.

Of modern cemeteries we can say but little. The most noted of Europe is at Paris. Its site is a gentle ascent, facing the city on the northwest. It is very spacious. The beauty of the ground and the splendor of its ornaments are spoken of with great admiration. Intermingled with the choice and trained productions of the soil are monumental columns of every form. Obelisks, pyramids, funeral vases, and choice statuary of incredible variety—some chaste, and suited to the solemnities of the grave, and some, outraging all the principles of taste—seem to crowd these fields of death.

But why dwell longer in "meditations among the tombs?" Death lives not merely in history. An hundred and fifty generations are his victims; but living and coming generations are under doom to the same relentless power. To live is to die. The grave is not full; and all over the earth its fresh monuments of conquest are glittering in the moonlight, and whitening in the sun. We and our children are mortal. This has



urged us from the walks of worldly care, and brought us hither. To prepare our bodies for the grave has cost us years of solicitude and toil. To prepare a grave for our bodies may well employ one fleeting hour. In this work of preparation we should consult human nature, the proprieties of life, and the judgment of Jehovah.

As to human nature, in a most important sense, it is always the same. So far as it depends on innate, or on circumstantial influence, it cannot greatly change. True, it may be molded in its outward features. It is like the thorn whose branches you may bend—whose foliage you may trim to many pleasing forms, but which, under every shape and inclination, remains an unfruitful and an offending tree. When we propose, then, that human nature be consulted, we do not mean that all its dictates should be heeded. Pharaoh and Absalom obeyed its voice when they erected the pillar and the pyramid. It may suggest to us what it prescribed to them—costly monuments to feed our hungry pride; for the unsanctified heart has the ambition of that usurper, who seized his father's throne, and then reared up a pillar to perpetuate his name.

But human nature sanctified demerits itself more meekly. And yet it hath desires. Joseph uttered them when he besought his brethren to carry up his bones from Egypt to Canaan. So did Jacob when he requested his son to swear that he would bury him in the sepulchre of his fathers. So did Abraham when he refused to deposit the remains of Sarah in the tombs of the Hittites, but insisted that Ephron should receive a price, and make Machpelah sure to him. These examples we may innocently copy. Nay, more—it is commendable to secure a spot where, after death, we and our families may repose undisturbed. Abraham was rich; but we have no notice that he purchased any land, except that field. He could feed his flocks upon the commons, or shelter them in the depths of the wilderness, where, for the time, the occupant was owner. But when he would bury his dead, he must *purchase* a grave, and fortify his title by every possible device. To this forecast he owed it, under God, that so many of his sons and grand-sons, with their wives and little ones, scattered in their life-time by treachery and dissension, found burial in the family domain.

In preparing our graves, we should regard the proprieties of life. A stone to tell where we lie, set up by those whose happiness we cherished through successive years of weakness and exposure, is a savory offering of filial gratitude. But simplicity becomes the grave. Soaring pride should not light upon the tomb. It invites a meeker guest. May not humility possess one resting place on earth? O, let her wander hither, and erect her chastened monuments of holy, sweet affection! Let her rear the pyramid on yonder waiting soil, and water the springing willow with her tears. These will impress the millennial generations which shall follow, with respect for their progenitors, and with sentiments adapted to their walks among the tombs. We do not deck the dead with flounces, nor burden them

with jewelry; so let their graves be decent. Gather all around, the rose and cedar and alanthus. These are fitting decorations. Mute as they are, they can discourse to us of departed, pious friends, being lively emblems of their beauty while on earth, of the evergreenness of their immortal graces, and of their paradise of jubilating joy.

To learn our duty in every stage of life, we must listen to Jehovah. To-day, as always, we need his word to guide us. Assembled to set apart a place for the burial of our dead, with what forms must we proceed? The oracle answers not. It prescribes to us no consecrating ritual. Left to our discretion, we would at least be grave. If we err, let it be on the side of sweet simplicity.

This scene is not a pantomime. We have no forms of consecration. Superstition hath her ceremonies, unprescribed by Scripture; but *just devotion* consecrates. To impure or careless hearts, what are forms but rash irreverence? The precept of the Bible bows our knees in prayer; but does it sprinkle holy water on the place of graves?

We are not assembled, then, for the display of mute and inexpressive forms. These heaven does not challenge at our hands. Neither does revelation urge, nor unblind reason sanction them. Such we leave to children, and in them they are rather to be pardoned than approved.

Under the Christian dispensation, consecrating acts are become a deep and inward work. A pure or contrite heart alone can execute them. Whoever wears these priestly robes is qualified to minister. For spiritual sacrifices he is clothed with apostolic power. What then! Though we waive all outward forms, yet contrite hearts and tears will serve us better. Happy those who can afford them; for they are choicer than all unctions—more precious than the burial ointment of our Lord.

But do we fear, lest by craft of man or devil, our bodies come to lodge in unconsecrated ground? It cannot be, unless *we* desecrate the soil. The grave of every saint is blest. Jesus wrought the work when he lay within the tomb. He is therefore said to have *perfumed* the grave; because as fragrance delights our senses, so through his death and burial the tomb hath pleasant odors. Its prisoners rest in hope. Christ has almost wed the grave to the everlasting throne. He passed from crucifixion to burial, and from burial to heaven. Thus, greatly to our comfort, he has blended in close union, death, the grave, and the glory that shall follow. Go, then, and excavate your tombs. Fill yonder grounds with the victims of disease. Cluster them all along the banks of yonder stream. Make the careless passer along your shaded avenues start and shudder at the thickening monuments which shall soon, with peering ghastliness, look out upon his walks. But when days on earth are ended, and the lamps of night shall no longer shed their beams upon these graves, may we and our children, then sleeping in this dust, ascend like Jesus from the sepulchre to the throne!

Original.

## ECONOMY OF CONTENTMENT.

PERHAPS there is no principle in early training so little attended to as the inculcation of contentment, and the correcting and repressing of that vagrant disposition of childhood, which is seeking constantly after novelty and change. And this tendency is so universal, and, as would appear, so difficult to satisfy, that we must suppose the proper remedy has not been often applied, and that *necessity* alone, in cases, has controlled the error, which, perhaps, it were equally within the power of tuition and discipline to effect.

That the subject has not claimed a closer consideration is matter of surprise, whether we view it in regard to the well-being of the child himself, or in relation to its effects upon others—its immunity upon parents, and inmates, and all concerned. Not only is it matter of present importance, but one that extends to a vastly wider field of contingencies in the future, swaying or controlling almost every domestic morality, in the accidents of health, hope, cheerfulness, amiability, scholastic acquirement, prosperity and worldly success, &c., and these again re-producing, by the sense of fair estimation, that amenity which fits and attunes the mind for still higher attainments. Of so vital importance is *temper*—contentment being one of its grand components. It runs its course with life, but in its issues terminates not with it, but happily constrains that *piety* which extends beyond.

But, confining our attention to the branch of our subject first assumed, namely, of "infant training to contentment," let us proceed to examine the feasibility of the experiment. And in doing this, we must take into account all the varieties of character with which we have to do. Some few, no doubt, we find so softly set and so gentle, that we would bide the adage, and "let well alone," lest any alterative were rather mischievous than of reform. To such children, where the *practice* is so good, we may await maturity before it shall be necessary to discuss with them the principles and the "science of contentment."

In almost every household we find two or three or more children associated by age and condition, and awaiting the discipline of parental dictation. And whether they be too much or too little indulged, this unamiable and annoying propensity to discontent is likely to ensue. Where the happy medium is not found, it is much more probable to occur from the former than from the latter cause. The parent, no doubt, is often puzzled and distressed, that he do not, either by concession abet laxity of performance, or by too rigorous demanding overtask the child's ability, and so discourage rather than advance him. In the variety of cases which may require to be managed, no particular rule will apply. The parent, like the wise physician, will not always follow *prescriptive* rule, but, in particular cases, will attend, as it were, the bedside, and by close attention, *watching* the *symptoms* as they arise, await the *clinical practice* with his patient.

But however undecided the parent may be as to the *means* of discipline, the *method* admits of no uncertainty. *Positive* methods are both surest and most easy. The greatest axiom which we gather from the economy of nature is the salutary action of *necessity*; and since we would not choose what to our sense is bale, that which is distasteful to us, the benevolence of Providence hath put beyond our choice. The reaction of our sins, so necessary to our use, is also inevitable; and so we are relieved from the conflict of uncertainty with hope, and acquiesce in the necessity which we cannot countervail. Our aberrations are our own—the righting of them is of God; and happy are those who accept the grace and appropriate the admonition.

*Obedience* should be a desideratum in parental government. It sometimes happens that the elder members of a family, who are just advancing to the threshold of society, claim the too exclusive attention of their parents over their juniors of the nursery and the school-room. This is a great mistake; for the little people, having yet hardly formed other acquaintances, are almost wholly dependent upon household notices for their enjoyment; and if these are denied or withheld from them, we think they have some cause of discontent. The social spirit, the loving heart of childhood must find companionship. Nature hath provided them with those the most proper to guide their years of innocence and ignorance. These are their parents, their household guardians, their constituted companions and helpers, by the same law of Providence which consigned them to their charge. And the young parents who prefer too often the claims of social life over their home duties, are unfaithful and untrue to this law of nature as to their own offspring, and will probably reap its consequences in an unruly and discontented household, its influences extending, as we have hinted, beyond the present instance or the present hour.

Childhood should abide in *simplicity*; for as children are incompetent to a variety of tastes, so much the more, if indulged in novelty, shall their humors sway and control them. Lead them into a variety of amusements and they are *not suited*—they have a perception of this; and as they know not what *would* please them, they are only excited to discontent and craving for continual novelty and change.

Many adults are in the same predicament; but as their pleasures are of their own choosing, they take to themselves the aristocratic salvo of a "too refined tact," subjecting in all things to find but "*ennui*." This is too true; but it originates not in a delicate but in a vitiated taste. Whilst the simple pleasures of life cloy not, nor fatigue, the very hurry upon the animal spirits is in itself unfitting in the opposite course of dissipation.

But to return to our babies of the nursery. How simple should their pleasures be kept! A walk in the garden—a play with their mates on the green—sometimes a ride—a little visit with their nurse—the talk with their parents—affection and kindness being their greatest excitements—an occasional commendation—



the book, not yet conned, but valued by prescription—the baby-house of simple expense, with its little ménage, its inventions, its mimic proprieties, and its industry—the Sabbath day privilege of church going with the grown family, the white frock and the best hat or cap, and the demure and staid step, the subdued laugh, the forbidden jest, with admission to the parlor on their return, &c., shall mark to them for ever the distinction of the Sabbath over other days, and serve for ever to hallow and guard its decencies from profanation. And not to one day alone do we speak; for all these little nothings, these earliest and well remembered pleasures, embodied in practice, and continued by habit, shall shape the baby's character, and widening with his growth, and spreading themselves forth into the future, shall form the leadings and the tastes of life. But let us wait on him still; for our baby is already grown much stronger, and slipping away from his dependence on his nurse, he pauses and puts on a little sulk. He cannot tell his ail, but we know that he is *discontented*. He experiences a want, a craving and a *real* want; but the relief supplied is artificial, factitious, and unsuited. The child, like the man, wants an object and a *purpose*; but he is put off with an amusement or a toy. The toy should be his recreation, not his *employment*!

*Industry* is more intimated to us—it is recommended equally by its process and its results. It is the grand lever, and goes to the furtherance of the world. Also is it indicated by the physical structure of man, and is commended to him with best beneficence. And if it find not its agent in humanity, it *will* avenge itself, and querulousness and discontent shall ensue upon the delinquent. Our baby being a unit in this great plan, has as much right to be discontented as another. Industry, then, must be obeyed; and there are proofs that you can hardly begin with this discipline too soon. Witness how much more happy is the child gathering berries, or *picking chips*, than he is surrounded by piles of toys, or see him even amidst his little companions, though full of sport and glee, yet changing his play every three minutes for another. Or mark with what self-importance his brother, the youngest on foot, conveys a message to a servant, or runs into the next room for mamma's handkerchief.

It may be remarked that the children of the poor are seldom beset with this restless, unsatisfied hankering after change, which we have noticed. Their few simple pleasures, recurring again and again, are never tasteless; for these children are pretty soon put upon some performances of *duty*; and in these the little actors *receive* much more benefit than they *render*—the character is assured and strengthened by it. Observe with what mixture of fondness and self-complacency the eldest girl nurses her younger sister, and how alert is the step of the little boy, helping his mother with her parcels from the grocer!

*Action*, then, with a *purpose*, is the answer to our close questioning of discontent in the infant bosom—the former supplying physical, the latter mental en-

largement. Keep the child upon some sufficient performances, and we guard him for the present, innocent as he is, from his besetting tormentor—the demon of sloth. Full happy we are in our conviction, that this enemy is *without*, and not *within* himself. Discontent, we believe, is rather a habit superinduced by indulgence than a vice of constitution. You reply that if discontent is not inherent, or the essential sin of nature, yet that the sin of nature adopts it. Yes, as readily as "the sparks fly upward;" but 'tis the necessity of perversion, and against this we would guard; for we "fight not as beating the air."

Too great variety, as we have hinted, should not be presented to the child's choice. Latitude in any sort is mischievous to children. Nor need we fear contracting or narrowing the character, for the whole tendency is to excess. Restriction is salutary in more than one view, at the same time that it forbids excursiveness, which is unfriendly to contentment. It also constrains a more fixed attention upon the subjects submitted to its choice, and tends to correct the dissipation of mind ever attendant upon too great indulgence of novelty.

We think children should be considered and allowed for—should be gratified and often indulged, but not to their hurt. *Humoring* a child absurdly has exactly an opposite effect to that intended, if gratification is the motive; for nature hath forbidden any gratification to the unquiet shiftings of caprice.

Another cause of discontent should be guarded against. A child should be early instructed to indulge no hopes opposed to probability. If he can be assured that he cannot obtain an object, he will cease to regard it. When *necessity*, the most positive of all laws, constrains a subject, it is put at rest, and a corresponding certainty is established in the mind—the conflict of desiring and of doubt is over, and the resignation is complete. But would you "so sadden our child's temper, so indurate his spirit?—the sternness of philosophy suits not with infant years," say you. But the buoyancy of nature is not so easily subdued; and if it were, the gentle mood is better than the discontented. There are many objects in life. Our child is of more than one affection. We intend him to have too much character to succumb to the first adversity. When we demand a sacrifice of him, we deny that he is either saddened or indurated; for arousing the sensibility has the effect both to elevate and to soften character; and the attempt at magnanimity is the best relief which the case admits of. It is true, we must not put the child upon a code of ethics—the ponderous tome suits not his baby hand. But we can and will put him upon the *practice*; and if we keep him steady and regular in his easy course, when he is grown he shall never need open the book, for why should he?

We have forbidden him his false hopes; but this is no cruelty. Deprivation, in common cases, at least at the instant, is more easily submitted to than the disappointment which accompanies it. And now is your opportunity. The child is denied a boon which he vehemently desires—he is earnest and sufficiently made

up from childish levity to understand you—his mood is strong enough for you to ingraft upon it any sentiment of kindred tone with effect. And he can be better consoled with somewhat of equal greatness, than, by a simple denial, he can bear the subsiding into indifference or the flatness of disappointment. Observe, whilst you talk to him, (unless he is a spoiled child,) that you have arrested his grief, and he attends earnestly to you; and now especially offer him some sympathy, but without coaxing, and make your proposal. Give him a motive and ground it in his own character, and *self-love* shall assist you to commend and point its use.

For deprivation supply hope; but leave it not vague and at large. Identify it with character, with definite attainments and performances, and turn the mind, running to waste in the vagrant course of external things, in *upon itself*; and whilst it contemplates the duty, hope supplies action to the energy, which, without a purpose, had driveled into humorsomeness and discontent. The child of greatest character will be least satisfied with idleness, although the same, if not attended to, will be found foremost in the pursuit of novelty and amusement.

We believe that early character may be redeemed and fashioned and trained to almost whatsoever we would; but it is the untiring patience and assiduity of the *mother* that can do it. The child that is taught by methods of application and industry, by obedience and piety, to hope in *himself*, will become a strong character. And we believe that a *juvenile good sense* may be instilled and established to the incalculable advantage of coming years.

We have led our boy on from infancy to childhood, and approaching even to another stage. *Youth*, with its "thick-coming fancies," and its host of passions, shall be better coped with than if no restraint and no discipline had preceded it. As we pass on in life, we often perceive that the wayward fickleness of our own nature disturbs and hinders us more than would a constrained acquiescence in what is distasteful to us.

Could we unravel the causes and consequences, we should see that a youth of hardship is not the most to be deplored. In reading the biography of the eminent and the effective, it will strike those conversant with that branch of illustration—how *large is the proportion* of such who have arisen from obscure parentage! Whilst the difference (in the ratio) is acknowledged, of poor men's sons who have attained to station over those of rich parents and delicate breeding, the superior attainment of the former is often imputed to a scanty outset in business, demanding a better economy of *money* than does the other; but it is in reality a much wider principle, of broader basis, grounded in the shapings of character that has effected the difference. The hard and scanty condition of their childhood, with deprivation and *endurance*, was the proper training and nurture of greatness—the simple joys, the undisturbed mind, the imposed duty, the disciplined spirit, braced to a hardihood commensurate to almost any circum-

stances of life. It were a startling assertion to say that a parent "abuses his child," and an offense to call him short-sighted; but can he not perceive that for one present improper indulgence, the character and the future well-being is drawn upon with the usurious, the griping avidity of the miser? Does not violated and jealous virtue assert and right herself in her whole course? Go with her and you are safe—the line is *one*. Diverge, and the distance lost is, in proportion to itself, *two*—the return is as long and much more difficult than was the aberration.

We could fancy a scale, a tree of life, where, abiding in the right, every succeeding year should have its appropriate duty, its additional acquirement; but once quit the course, and there is either a backset or an entire lapse of the space lost in regaining it. To take our idea out of the demonstration, we know, morally, that any departure from propriety produces a coarseness of sentiment that renders the return both difficult and distasteful. And what shall compensate our wounded self-love? Without self-respect none are happy; and with it few are miserable.

Some parents would seem to take as much delight in the *pride* as in the affection with which they view their children. We do not discuss whether this is ever a proper sentiment; but often, when we see the sturdy boy of six or eight years, who has been too tenderly guarded in his inability and cowardliness, we would think him any thing but an object of pride. Instead of having been, at every little emergency, put upon the heroic, and in the exercise of self-defense, he was allowed to cling, with "endearing dependence," to mamma's apron-string. If the events of life shall call for heroism, how defenseless and unprepared will he be! Meanwhile, our child of precarious and unprovided resources, shall grow stronger and stronger, bearing cheerfully his portion of life; for we would think our philosophy but half-advised, if he did not bear *well* the inconveniences which he may be said rather to *sustain* than to *suffer*. We would have him modest, too, whilst he exhibits that promptitude, cleverness, and efficiency, compared with which the rich man's son, poor boy, if cheated out of his birth-right, petted, humored, and enfeebled, shall appear but as a driveler or a dolt.

We are aware that where so much self-dependence is insisted on, there is danger of arrogance and conceit; but we have provided that the religious education of our protégé be commensurate with the moral training, indeed, that they are inseparable, the one being grounded in the other. Neither could the parent, by all of her dictation, expect "to build up" her child, her little immortal, without a resource beyond herself; and both would know that their strength was *derived*—not a *property*, but only a *means*—and that its ultimate is God.

MENTORIA.



It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy, without acting all for God. God himself cannot make him happy in any other way.—*Brainard*.



Original.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Location of S. Paulo—Taipa houses—Parlor arrangements—Public buildings—Botanical garden—Festival of St. Paul's conversion—Preaching—Procession—Excursion to Jaragua.

I now pass to notice the appearance and condition of S. Paulo. The city is situated between two small streams, upon an elevation of ground, the surface of which is very uneven. Its streets are narrow, and not laid out with regard to system or general regularity. They have narrow side-walks, and are paved with a ferruginous conglomerate closely resembling old red sand-stone, but differing from that formation, by containing larger fragments of quartz, thus approaching breccia.

Some of the buildings are constructed of this stone; but the material more generally used in the construction of houses, is the common soil, which being slightly moistened can be laid up in a very solid wall. The method is to dig down several feet, as would be done for the foundation of a stone house; then to commence filling in with the moistened earth, which is beaten as hard as possible. As the wall rises above ground a frame of boards or planks is made to keep it in the proper dimensions, which curbing is moved upward as fast as may be necessary, until the whole is completed. These walls are generally very thick, especially in large buildings. They are capable of receiving a handsome finish within and without, and are generally covered by projecting roofs, which preserve them from the effect of rains. Although this is a reasonable precaution, yet such walls have been known to stand more than a hundred years without the least protection. Under the influence of the sun they become indurated, and, like one massive brick, impervious to water, while the absence of frost promotes their stability.

The houses within the city are generally two stories high, and constructed with balconies, sometimes with and sometimes without lattices. These balconies are the favorite resorts of both gentlemen and ladies in the coolness of the morning and evening, and also when processions and other objects of interest are passing through the streets.

The houses in Brazil, whether constructed of earth or stone, are generally coated outside with plastering, and white-washed. Their whiteness contrasts admirably with the red tiling of their roof; and one of its principal recommendations is the ease with which it can be re-applied in case of having become dull or soiled. In S. Paulo the prevailing color is varied in a few instances with that of a straw yellow, and a light pink. On the whole, there appeared a great degree of neatness and cheerfulness in the external aspect of the houses in S. Paulo.

While upon this topic I may introduce a remark respecting the internal arrangement of dwellings, which is equally applicable to other portions of the empire.

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There is a considerable variety in their general plan; but almost all are so constructed as to surround an area, or open space within, which is especially useful in furnishing air to the sleeping apartments, and is rendered the more indispensable by the custom of barring and bolting, with heavy inside shutters, all the windows that connect with the street. In cities, the lower stories are seldom occupied by the family, but sometimes with a shop, and sometimes with the carriage-house or stable. The more common apartments above are the parlor and dining-room, between which, almost invariably, are alcoves designed for bed-rooms. The furniture of the parlor varies in costliness according to the degree of style maintained; but what you may always expect to find, is a cane-bottomed sofa at one extremity, and three or four chairs arranged in precise parallel rows, extending from each end of it towards the middle of the room. In company, the ladies are expected to occupy the sofa, and gentlemen the chairs.

The suburbs and vicinity of S. Paulo are remarkably pleasant, abounding in beautiful residences and gardens. The town is a rendezvous for the entire province. Many of the more wealthy planters have houses in the city, spending only a portion of time on their estates, and here being on hand to direct respecting the sale and disposal of their produce, as it passes down the serra to market.

In one of the pleasantest locations near the city, about a mile distant, is the botanical garden, established about ten years ago. It is laid out in very good taste, with curvilinear and shaded walks, and a tank of pure water. Its dimensions are ample, and with proper attention it might be made a most charming resort. At present, however, it is rather neglected from a scarcity of funds in the Provincial Treasury. In its neighborhood are several fine residences; and from the elevation on which it is located one may enjoy an excellent view of the town.

The day subsequent to my arrival at S. Paulo being Sabbath, I visited several of the churches, of which there are twelve in the place, including the convent chapels. The See of the Bishopric, or Cathedral, was very large, and in it some twenty ecclesiastics were chanting high mass. A considerable number of persons were present, chiefly women. I observed two men intently engaged in conversation, alternately standing and kneeling. In another church, much smaller, about as many persons were in attendance, and I remarked as much apparent solemnity as in any similar service I witnessed in Brazil.

On the 25th of January was celebrated the religious festival of the conversion of St. Paul, the tutelar guardian of the town and province. I had several days previous read an Edital from the Bishop, prescribing an order of exercises in commemoration of that "glorious and wonderful event." The principal items were mass, preaching, a public procession, and the kissing of relics. Accordingly, at mid-day I repaired to the Cathedral, to listen to the sermon, which was delivered by one of the canons. It was simply a historic eulogy

upon the life and character of St. Paul, not particularly distinguished for elegance of diction, or energetic delivery. The speaker, as usual in the Brazilian pulpit, recited his discourse memoriter. In some instances, I have witnessed a most impassioned delivery, but on the present occasion the good canon must have been sadly pushed for want of time to commit, or else have been afflicted with a treacherous memory; at least he required a second person to stand near him with the manuscript in his hand. A curtain had been placed before the last named gentleman, to shield him from the vulgar gaze; but as his services came into requisition, more light was needed—the curtain was thrown aside—the prompter stood forth in all the importance of his office.

The style of construction in this, as well as the Brazilian churches generally, has no reference to the convenience of a speaker or his auditory. The pulpit is upon one side, the rear of the church being invariably devoted to the chief altar. There are no seats, save the earth, wood or marble floor, which may be severally found, according to the sumptuousness of the edifice. The floor is sometimes strewed with leaves, sometimes covered with clean boards, and in a few cases I have seen temporary seats carried in. On the present occasion, the large area within the railing that protected the side altars was filled with females closely seated *à la Turque*; and having become thus arranged, in attention to the mass which was celebrated in front of them, they were unable to face the speaker, although he took care to place himself on the right side of them.

The appearance of this portion of the assembly was truly imposing; nearly all the females being covered with their dark and graceful mantillas, serving at once as hat and scarf. My Parisian friends were peculiarly impressed with this part of the scene, and were not a little disposed to murmur when subsequently they discerned, under the folds of the mantillas, so large a proportion of colored faces. As good Catholics they felt bound to remonstrate, that a considerable share of the music performed as sacred during the solemnities, was known in France as licentious and profane; but even this was not laid to heart like their disappointment respecting the complexion of the ladies. It should be here remarked, that the Paulistanas are not rivalled in respect to beauty or accomplishments by their sex in any portion of the empire, while the purity and illustrious character of their descent is a common boast. But it is not in a promiscuous assembly like that referred to, where a fair representation of the above qualities can be expected. Moreover, elegance of dress is by no means an index of condition or character in Brazil. The lower classes exhaust the avails of their industry in holiday ornaments, and mistresses take pride in adorning their slaves. In certain instances the gold and jewelry purchased to shine in the drawing-room, are seen glittering in the streets, in curious contrast with the ebony skin of domestics, who are the humble, though temporary representatives of the wealth of the family.

At 5 o'clock, P. M., the procession issued from the Cathedral, and marched through the principal streets under the heavy chiming of bells. The whole town was on the alert to witness the expected parade, and every window and veranda was thronged with eager spectators; while from the mansions of the wealthy, curtains of damask were suspended in honor of the passers by. Two brotherhoods, the first colored, the second white, composed the train; each individual bearing a lighted wax candle of sufficient length to serve for a staff, and having upon his shoulder a white, red, or yellow scarf, (*capa*;) indicating the order to which he belonged.

The images were much fewer in number than ordinarily. There were only three; the first designed to represent the Virgin Mary with her infant; the second, St. Peter and his keys; the third, St. Paul. In rear of the last walked the bishop, sustained on either hand by aged priests, who, next to the prelate, were clad in the richest ornaments of their sacristy. Smoking incense preceded this venerable diocesan, already bowed down with the weight of years. Gold and diamonds sparkled on his mitre, and a silken canopy was borne along over his head; while he held before his face a small crucifix containing the host, to which he appeared devoutly praying. The procession was closed by a band of martial music, and about a hundred apologies for soldiers, in the uniform of National Guards.

Among the excursions we made in the vicinity of S. Paulo, not the least interesting was that to the ancient gold mines of Jaragua. These are situated about three leagues distant, at the foot of a mountain, from which the locality is named, and which can be plainly seen from the city in a northwesterly direction. These mines, or washings of gold, were the first discovered in Brazil. They were very productive in the early part of the 17th century, and the large amount of the precious metal sent from thence to Europe secured for the region the name of a second Peru; while it promoted exploration in the interior, and ultimately resulted in the discovery of the various localities of gold in Minas Geraes. They have long since ceased to be regularly wrought, and are now the private property of a widow lady, being situated upon a plantation embracing not less than a league square of territory.

Senhora Donna Gertendes was not only proprietress of this immense Fazenda, but also of six others of nearly equal value; two of which were situated still nearer the city, and all stocked with the requisite proportion of slaves, horses, mules, &c. She resided in one of the most splendid establishments of the city; and being distinguished for a disposition to contribute to the entertainment of visitors to the province, had favored our company with a kind invitation to spend a little time at the Fazenda de Jaragua, whither she would temporarily remove her household. Mules were provided for the expected guests, but having the offer of a horse from another friend, and being detained from going with the company on the evening appointed, I made my appearance by means of an early ride the following morning, in ample time for breakfast. That



repast was enjoyed by about twenty persons, seated on benches, at a long table, permanently fixed in the dining-room. It was a matter of peculiar pride to the Donna, that every thing partaken at her table was the produce of her own soil: the tea, the coffee, the sugar, the milk, the rice, the fruits and vegetables, the meats, and, in fact, every thing except what she overlooked—the wheaten flour, the wines, and the salt, which latter had made the voyage of the Atlantic.

Knowing my fondness for rural adventure, Mons. G. had proposed to me an especial distinction—the privilege of accompanying him and his botanical assistant to the summit of the Jaragua mountain, which stood frowning above our head. Soon after breakfast we were under march, accompanied by a guide, a Portuguese lad, and several blacks. The route was altogether unfrequented, and, in fact, had to be sought out in a winding course over a high hill, by which we approached the rear of the mountain, the only part where ascent was possible. Several hours were spent in cutting and trampling our way through dense jungle and high weeds. Long before we began the ascent proper, my companions came to the conclusion that it would be much better for them to botanize below, rather than persevere in such exploits. No persuasion could induce them to go forward; but abandoning the enterprise to me they turned back, and as they afterward informed me, missing their way, lost nearly all the time it took me to accomplish the ascent. Several motives induced me to go on; retaining in my company the guide, the bearer of my port-folio, and the Portuguese boy. We soon found the walking more expeditious, although the ascent was exceedingly steep, and the surface rocky. Fearful stories had been told me about the rattle-snakes and other serpents, that would render the excursion perilous, but I encountered none of them. Here and there we found a resting-place, and at length placed our feet upon the very summit of the peak.

The rock was granitic, approaching to gneiss; but from long exposure to the atmosphere, its exterior was so much decayed as to resemble decrepitated limestone. It was chiefly overgrown with a species of thin grass, in the midst of which I found several rare and interesting plants. Precisely in the centre of the small area upon the summit, was an excavation several feet deep. This I inferred to have been an essay of the ancient gold hunters in search of treasure; although I was subsequently informed of a tradition, stating it to be a burial place of the aboriginal inhabitants, who sought out the highest eminences as places of repose for their dead.

On reaching this elevation my attendants set up a deafening shout, making at the same time a demand on me for handkerchiefs to wave to the dwellers below, as a signal of triumph. The peak of Jaragua is the highest in the whole region, being the southern extremity of the serra do Mantiqueira. It is called the barometer of S. Paulo; for when its summit is clear the weather is uniformly good, but when its head is capped with clouds, then all look out for storms. Moreover, it is the land-mark of the traveler, by which, from any

direction, he judges of his relative position, and of his remoteness from the city.

The prospect here enjoyed was varied and beautiful beyond description, repaying a hundred fold the toil of ascent. At no great distance in the rear were several lavradas, or gold washings, which having been extensively wrought in former times, left the soil broken and naked. In the opposite direction lay the capital of the province spread out upon the declivity, originally denominated the plain of Piritininga. The localities of Campinas, Itu, Sorocaba, Santo Amaro, and Mogi das Cruzes, were discernible. The general aspect of the country bore some resemblance to scenes I had beheld in the northern hemisphere; and, owing to my distance from any distinguishing object, save a few plants on the neighboring precipices, I might, for once in Brazil, have easily imagined the scene a part of our own United States. Such associations at such a time make an impression not soon to be forgotten. I had now wandered to the farther extremity of the torrid zone; and from the Equator downward, could scarcely gaze upon an object calculated to remind me, otherwise than by contrast, of the land of my nativity. But here my proximity to the temperate regions of the south, and still more my momentary abstraction, from contact with things as they were below me, called up in vivid recollection the days and scenes of other years. But the illusion had soon to be broken by the necessity of hastening down the mountain. Another look showed me the vast circle of vision skirted with mountain ridges disappearing in the blue distance, while the intervening surface undulated between every variety of hill and valley. Here and there could be observed the angular encroachments of the cultivator upon the forests—the richness and romance of the whole view being greatly augmented by the winding courses and occasionally glittering waters of the Tieté and the River of Pines.



#### EARTHLY JOYS.

I TWIN'D me a wreath of the rosiest flowers  
The morning could boast in the cool shady bowers,  
When the dew-drop was clear in the brocket's blue eye,  
And the bright leaves were wooing the summer winds' sigh.

I sought them again at the close of the day,  
In the morn where I left them, all shining and gay,  
But I found that the violet had droop'd its fair head,  
That the bloom of the rose and the lily was fled.

Yet sweet as the breath of their flourishing hours,  
A perfume was wafted around from the flowers,  
Though each gem of the garden was wither'd and dead,  
Yet e'en from their dry leaves a fragrance was shed.

And, methought, it was thus to the desolate heart,  
That virtue a fragrance and balm can impart;  
Life's sunniest hours, tho' laughing and gay,  
Must be ended—but virtue can never decay.

W. P. SPARKS.

## SANCTIFICATION.

Extract from President Mahan's sermon on "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

THE attention of the reader is invited to a consideration of the following propositions:

I. *To all who love God, a knowledge of the "only living and true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent, is eternal life."*

II. *The conditions on which Christ will impart this knowledge and consequent blessedness to us.*

I. To all who love God the possession of this knowledge will be eternal life. In other words, it will induce a state of blessedness as great as the capacities of the subject will permit, and endless in duration.

1. It transforms the whole moral character into a perfect resemblance to that of Christ. The infinite and perfect blessedness of God results from the conscious possession of infinite and perfect holiness. Just so far as the believer enters into a conscious possession of a character like that of God as revealed in the plan of redemption, so far, to the extent of his capacities, he possesses the pure and perfect blessedness which God himself enjoys. Now the possession of the knowledge here referred to, results in the full and conscious possession of such a character. "We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Let Christ lift the veil, Christian, and show you his glory, as he is able and willing to do by his Spirit, and you would be like him. Your whole moral character would be transformed into his likeness. The natural result would be, that his "joy would be fulfilled in you." The blessedness which he enjoys would be yours to the full extent of your capacities. And this would be "life eternal." This would be the life eternal which God enjoys, and which the pure spirits around his throne possess.

2. Such knowledge of God, such apprehensions of the infinite glory and love of Christ, induce the continued exercise of that perfect love which is the consummation of blessedness. The highest happiness of which we are susceptible arises from the strong and continued exercise of the benevolent affections. Any object that can call forth these affections and induce their strong and continued exercise, will render us in the highest degree blessed. Now there is but one object in existence that is capable of doing this. It is a "revelation of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Let the Spirit of God "take of the things of Christ and show them to the believer;" let him impart to him a full and distinct apprehension of his glory—let the Most High "cause all his goodness to pass before him"—and the result is, that the "fountains of the great deep" of feeling and affection in the soul "are broken up." The tide of love rolls on with a power perpetually increasing. The heart's purest, strongest, and best affections for ever roll around one blissful centre. This "perfect love casteth out fear," and in the

continued flow of the benevolent affections, the blessedness of the soul can be measured only by the extent of its capacities. Christian, "this is life eternal."

3. Those deep and tender emotions which a fixed contemplation of the glory of God as it "shines in the face of Jesus Christ" excites, render the blessedness of the soul as great as its capacities permit. The emotions excited by a continued contemplation of objects beautiful, grand, or sublime, are of the most happifying nature which the mind experiences. Men will cross the ocean, they will circle the earth, to enjoy those deep and expanding emotions, which a perception and contemplation of the sublime scenery of nature awakens. Men have often expended fortunes to secure the enjoyment of the emotions awakened by a contemplation of the sublime objects of the different continents. But the emotions of delight awakened by the contemplation of finite objects, however beautiful, grand, or sublime, in themselves, when compared to those awakened by the contemplation of the infinite, such as the infinite and boundless love and glory of God, are almost as finite to infinite. Take one or two examples in illustration.

Mr. Tennent had occasion to take a journey which would occupy a whole day. Before he started, he entered his closet and besought the Lord to "manifest himself to him" on the way. As he mounted his horse the veil was lifted, and he "beheld with open face the glory of the Lord." He had those full and distinct apprehensions of the love and glory of God, which filled the whole sphere of moral and intellectual vision. In these divine contemplations, his mind was occupied during the entire day in a state of such entire fixedness, that he was wholly insensible to all things else around him. At length his horse stopped at the place of his destination, without the exertion of any conscious direction on the part of the rider. So wrapt was he in the visions of the divine glory, that it required much effort on the part of the people in the house to recall him to a consciousness of the scenes around him.

Now I suppose, that during that day, the emotions awakened by such contemplations rendered the mind of that man of God as blessed as his capacities permitted. Nor could his powers long have endured such a crushing weight of glory. Take another example.

A man of God, of a similar spirit to Tennent, on retiring, one morning, to his place of private devotion gave directions to a domestic to call him down at the expiration of three hours, as he was then to receive a visit from some friends. At the specified time, the domestic found him in such fixed contemplations of the divine glory that he returned without disturbing him. At the end of three hours more he returned and found his master in the same state as before. So perfectly absorbed was his whole mind in those visions of "the breadth, and depth, and length, and height, of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," as to render him wholly unconscious of the presence of any other object. Again, he retired, and after three hours, returned



once more, and found the man of God in the same fixed contemplations as formerly. God was "causing all his goodness to pass before him." On being then aroused, his first inquiry was, whether it were possible, that the time had come for the arrival of his friends? He had been so fixed with those spiritual apprehensions as to be entirely unconscious of the lapse of time.

Many persons, such as Mrs. Edwards, and Dr. Payson, near the close of life, have had similar manifestations of the divine love and glory. Now while the soul is borne upward and onward in the tide of emotion awakened by such contemplations, nothing but an increase of capacity can render its happiness greater. And as a revelation to the mind, of the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," is adapted to hold all the powers of our being in a state of perpetual fixedness, in which the tide of blissful emotion shall rise and swell for ever, with constantly accumulating power, how true the declaration of our Savior is—"this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." It is not to be expected, that Christians shall, at all times, and under all circumstances, have these overwhelming visions of the divine glory. Our present capacities do not permit it. But, Christian, we would impress this truth deeply upon your mind, that it is your privilege, as well as your duty, to have those perpetual apprehensions of the divine glory which shall render your blessedness, at all times and under all circumstances full. Let Christ once lift the vail and show you his glory, and the deep emotions of love and delight which would swell your bosom, would render the "life eternal" referred to in the text, a blessed reality in your experience. Christian, Christ is able and willing, yea, infinitely desirous, to do this for you. If you will "seek him with all your heart," he will thus be found of you. He will "bring you out of darkness into God's marvelous light." "God himself shall walk in you and dwell in you," and with "open face, you shall behold, as in a glass, his glory." And thus, "the sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

4. The fact that the knowledge under consideration must be eternal life, may be shown also by a reference to the relations which the individual thus knowing God, recognizes as existing between him and God. Let us suppose, that while an individual has a full and distinct apprehension of the infinite perfections and glory of God, such as the Spirit only can impart, he becomes perfectly conscious that every attribute of Divinity stands pledged to secure and advance his eternal blessedness, that throughout eternity, God is to employ the resources of his own infinity to render him in the highest degree holy and happy; let him also become as fully sensible of the fact, that in consequence of the

relations existing between him and God, he is brought into such relations to the arrangements of universal providence, that not an event will ever transpire throughout the universe, which will not "work together for his good," in short, that "all things are his," whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are his; and he is Christ's; and Christ is God's." To know God with the consciousness of sustaining such relations to him as these, this surely must be life eternal.

II. The conditions on which Christ will communicate this knowledge, and consequent blessedness to us.

1. We must set our heart supremely upon its attainment. "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path." "Then shall ye seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." The great mass of professing Christians walk on in darkness without finding God, simply because they never set their hearts upon finding him. A friend of mine, speaking of a certain sister in Christ, said, that sister knows what it is to have fellowship with God, and I doubt not you will find her prepared to sympathize with you in reference to your views of the infinite and boundless love of Christ. Years ago she received such apprehensions of the great mysteries of redemption, as few obtain in this life. She became fully sensible, he said, that it was her privilege to know God as she never had known him, and to enjoy him as she never had enjoyed him. She then fixed her whole heart upon attaining this state. She besought the Lord night and day, "with strong crying and tears," to manifest himself unto her, by "showing her his glory." As she came from her closet one Sabbath morning to accompany her family to church, an accident occurred, which she saw would occasion a delay of two or three minutes. She felt that that interval was too precious to be lost. She hastened to her closet and spent the time in the most fervent prayer, that God would manifest himself to her soul. As she entered the house of God, he did manifest himself to her, to such an extent, that her mind was almost overpowered with the weight of glory and blessedness that pressed upon her. Since that, while I knew her, she seemed to be continually sitting at the feet of Christ, with a full realization, in her own experience, of the truth of the declaration, "this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Those who thus seek God find him, and none others do find him.

Think of the African alluded to in a former number of the Evangelist, who, as Mr. Buck, in his religious anecdotes, informs us, crossed the ocean to hear about

"the Christian's God that paid the debt." In his own country he became sensible of his condition as a sinner. At the same time the thick and impenetrable gloom of despair settled down upon his mind, because he was in total darkness in respect to the way of pardon and eternal life. In this state he was accustomed to sit under the shade of a particular tree, and weep aloud in view of his lost and hopeless condition. A wicked sailor who heard his cries one day told him to "go to England, and there hear about the Christian's God that paid the debt." Without a moment's delay, he sought the nearest port, and took the first ship he could find, that was bound for London. On the voyage, he continually besought the sailors and all on board to tell a poor negro about "the Christian's God that paid the debt." But none could unfold the mystery. On his arrival at London, he passed up and down the streets beseeching the multitude that passed, to "tell a poor negro about the Christian's God that paid the debt." Some gave him money, others heaped abuse upon him; but none pointed him to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." At length he gave it up in despair, and as the shades of evening came on, he sat down on one of the public greens, and began to utter the same mournful cries that he had been wont to utter amid the deep moral midnight of his native land. His cries attracted the notice of an evangelical clergyman who was on his way to a public lecture. "Do," he cried, as the man of God inquired the cause of his grief, "do tell a poor negro about the Christian's God that paid the debt." "Go with me," said the minister, "and I will tell you." He took the inquirer into the church, and gave a history of the plan of redemption, representing sin as the debt, and Christ, by his incarnation and atonement, as paying the debt. "I have found it," cried the African, as the mystery was unfolded to him. As the minister came down from the pulpit, after the congregation had retired, he found the stranger entirely unconscious of visible objects, so perfectly absorbed was his whole soul in the mystery of mysteries which had dawned upon his mental vision. He had sought the Lord "with all his heart," and was "found of him," and now his cup was full.

Now, reader, if you do not know God in such a sense, that your blessedness in him is also full, you are as really in darkness, and as utterly dependent upon divine teaching for the light of life, as that African was. If you will seek God as he sought him, "he will be found of you," too. If you do not thus seek him, you will never see the light. You will wander on in darkness, without "knowing at what you stumble." If you continue to walk in darkness, without "seeking God with all your heart," when you know that you may enjoy his marvelous light, what else can you expect, but that the darkness around you shall thicken into the gloom of eternal midnight? Reader, will you "seek the Lord with all your heart," until "he is found of you?"

2. If you would attain this knowledge, Christian,

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set your heart supremely upon the *object* for which Christ imparts it to you. If Christ should give you to "behold as with open face, the glory of the Lord," it would be that you might be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord," in other words, that you might be free from sin, and rendered pure and holy, like God. Would you above all things prize this state together with the blessedness that results from its possession? If so, you may seek the Lord with the assurance, that you will find him, and that in finding him, you will find eternal life.

3. You must seek this knowledge with the most perfect assurance, that its possession will in fact be "life eternal." Do you believe, that if Christ should admit you as it were into the holy of holies of his sacred presence, and permit you to behold with unveiled face, the glory of the Lord, your blessedness would be full? Can you seek such a knowledge as such a good? If so, be assured, that in seeking you will find him, and that in finding him, your joy will be "unspeakable and full of glory."

4. Seek this knowledge with the profoundest humility and teachableness. A philosopher of Germany became sensible of his condition as a sinner, and set himself to study the Bible for the purpose of understanding the way of life, there revealed. But impenetrable darkness hung over the sacred page. At length he requested a poor peasant, whom he knew as a very ignorant, but highly spiritual man, to sit down with him and teach him the way of life as revealed in the Bible. Thus humble and teachable must you become, if you would find God. Is this, reader, the spirit which you breathe? Are you ready to be taught and led by any one, even a child, or a beggar, if he can only lead you to Christ?

5. Seek the counsel, and secure an interest in the prayers of those who have the most full and rich experience of that knowledge of the "only living and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent," the possession of which is "life eternal." Lay open to them your whole heart, and having received their counsel, engage them to "bow the knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that you might be filled with all the fullness of God." Brother, take this course, while you also yourself seek the Lord with all your heart, and he will do for you "exceeding abundantly above all that you ask or think."

6. Seek this knowledge, in devout dependence upon the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Seek and expect his teachings with a humble confession of your darkness and ignorance, in the most prayerful study of the Bi-



ble, and attendance upon all the means of grace. If you will do this, rest assured, that you will find God. He will "bring you out of darkness into his own marvelous light," and you will have a blissful experience of the truth of the words of Christ, "this is life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." And now, Christian, do you want eternal life enough to seek it with all your heart? Will you now enter into a solemn covenant with your own soul, that you will never rest, until you have a full and rich experience of that knowledge of God, which is eternal life? Say, will you?



Original.

### THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY S. G. ARNOLD.

IN the early part of the fifteenth century, that vigorous and able monarch, Henry V, of England, having conquered the greater part of France, and married Catharine, daughter of Charles VI, was received at Paris as the future master of that kingdom. Death, however, cut short his schemes of ambition. But as his infant son, by Catharine, was heir to both kingdoms, he left his brother, the Duke of Bedford, regent of France during the minority of the prince, with directions that he should prosecute the war. Charles VI, of France, died about two months after, leaving what remained of his distracted kingdom to his son, Charles VII, a prince of no great capacity, but who possessed many amiable qualities. He was gay, profligate, and generous; sincere, affable, and condescending. His followers, therefore, seem to have been attached to his person and cause, though they had no great confidence in his abilities.

At this time, Rheims, the usual place of the coronal ceremonies, was in the hands of the English, and hence Charles had been crowned at Poitiers, in a remote part of the kingdom—a circumstance which was by no means agreeable to his people. Bedford, in the mean time, prosecuted his conquests with vigor; and having reduced almost every fortress on the north side of the Loire, and defeated the French at Verneuil, he next laid siege to Orleans, an important post, still in the hands of Charles, and the key to the whole country which acknowledged his authority.

The French king saw the necessity of resolutely maintaining this fortress, and threw into it all the strength that he could command. But Bedford, with his powerful resources, pushed the siege with so much vigor, that the King gave over the city for lost, and seriously meditated retiring, with what forces he could collect, into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and maintaining himself as long as possible in these distant provinces. On breaking the matter to his queen, however, and to his fair friend, the beautiful Agnes Soreille, they dissuaded him from his purpose, and induced him to make another effort for the salvation of his kingdom.

Charles was at Chinon, a village distant only a few miles from Orleans, surrounded with what remained of his gay court, and endeavoring to collect his scattered resources for his last hopeless struggle, when, on the 24th of February, 1429, an attendant announced that a maiden of extraordinary appearance and pretensions waited an interview.

"Is she a mendicant?" quoth the King.

"Nay, sire, but a maiden of comely face, of fair proportions and gentle manners, though she bears herself somewhat loftily."

"Is she alone?" again inquired the King.

"She comes," replied the nobleman in waiting, "with a few acquaintances, and hath made her way through the enemy's posts, from Lorraine, one hundred and fifty leagues. She hath, beside, a word of commendation from Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and declines to declare her mission to any but the King."

"The proud huzzy!" mused Charles, his curiosity evidently excited to the utmost: "we must humble these arrogant pretensions of our fair subjects. Inform her that we are employed on business of state, and cannot give her audience."

The attendant knew the humor of his master, and proceeded: "Nay, your majesty must not treat her so rudely. She is the beautiful Joan d' Arc, the prophetess who communes with saints and angels, and comes to your majesty with a message from heaven."

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, starting from his seat, "bid her enter! We will hear her heavenly tidings."

In another moment the maiden stood before the King; and if he had felt aught of carelessness or levity at her novel pretensions, the feeling was soon dispelled. She was not decked in the ordinary adornings of her sex, but was clad in an armor of linked mail, from which the helmet was alone removed, disclosing a face of extraordinary beauty, glowing with health, and beaming with inspiration. She was apparently about nineteen years of age—her dark locks hung carelessly around her steel-clad shoulders—her eye was large and soft, and fell at once upon the manly proportions of the King; and as she advanced without hesitation or fear, or even the usual bow to recognize the royal presence, she seemed, to the astonished monarch, like a being from another world. For some moments no word was uttered. The maiden at length broke silence.

"I come," said she, "not in the strength of steel, or of mere earthly wisdom, but mailed in the panoply of righteousness and truth. My credentials are from heaven—my commission from the Lord God omnipotent. The arm of a woman, though in itself as feeble as the trembling reed, is, in the strength of Jehovah, mighty to deliver, and strong to save. Know, then, thou anointed of the Lord, that if thou wilt trust thine armies to my guidance, and wilt follow the counsel of the poor and friendless Joan, she will assuredly raise the siege of Orleans, and thence conduct thee to Rheims, to be crowned like thy fathers, and acknowledged by this whole nation King of France."

The monarch, astonished beyond measure by the appearance, the boldness, and the apparent sincerity of the girl, and probably half inclined to credit her celestial mission, listened to her whole story with the most respectful attention. He afterwards convoked an assembly of learned divines, who, on a full examination, indorsed her sacred pretensions, and declared that she had been raised up to deliver the French nation from her foreign invaders; and with this sanction, the King and court, soldiers and people, gave themselves up to this strange infatuation.

The pretensions of the fair Joan, having been thus recognized by the court, and her services accepted, she was furnished with a new and splendid suit of armor, mounted on a white steed, and having been provided with a particular sword, which she had desired, from the church of St. Catharine, she presented herself before the army bearing in her hand a banner of snowy whiteness, and was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations as the chosen deliverer of her country.

The fair Maid of Orleans, as she was afterwards called, was now in the full blush of her youth and beauty.\* She was the daughter of a peasant, without advantages or education; but having served as a menial at a public tavern, and, unlike the majority of her sex, fond of active sports and manly exercises, she had acquired a skillful use of the rein, and managed her noble steed with a grace and dexterity which seemed altogether incompatible with her sex and years. She had imbibed a strong passion for sacred things in her youth, and was often found wandering in the forest, where she retired to commune in secret with her own spirit, and where, according to her own statement, she held communion with the archangel Michael, the angel Gabriel, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret. She was, doubtless, a full believer in the divine character of her mission, and hence undertook it with confidence, and conducted it with spirit.

Having thus inspired all classes with the certainty of her success, she seized upon the moment of enthusiasm, and placing herself at the head of a convoy of troops, bearing provisions to the famished garrison, she dashed forward to the beleaguered city. But rapid as were her movements, the strange story of her life had gone before her, and in an age of superstition had produced its natural effects. The English who at first affected to speak in derision of Joan's heavenly commission, were really confounded, if not terrified, by the strong persuasion which everywhere prevailed of its truth, and thus half vanquished by their own fears, were the more ready to give way before her impetuous charge.

She entered the city with a pomp becoming her assumed character. Before her was borne the standard of the King, and around her were the nobles whose enthusiasm she had most inspired; but her own person, as she gracefully sat on her noble war horse, and held

aloft her consecrated banner, continued to be the chief attraction for every eye. She was received as a celestial deliverer by the governor and his half famished people, and a rapid succession of brilliant exploits, approaching the character of miracle, followed. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the gallant maid and her enthusiastic troops, who, in following her standard, were infatuated with the belief that they were aided by the invincible might of Heaven. She completely overcame the English in several desperate attacks, and on the 8th of May they raised the siege, and retired in terror and confusion.

Thus was fulfilled one part of her strange promise—the remainder was comparatively easy. The people now flocked to her standard from every quarter, and she pressed the monarch to follow her immediately to Rheims. This city was in a distant part of the country, was in the hand of the enemy, and the road to it garrisoned by strong bodies of British troops. To undertake a journey thither would, therefore, a few weeks before, have appeared like madness. But as things had now turned, the King did not hesitate, but prepared to follow his adventurous leader. He accordingly set out at the head of twelve thousand men, and met the enemy at Patay, where the army, still under the command of the Maid of Orleans, won a decided victory. Two thousand five hundred of the English were left dead on the field, and twelve hundred taken prisoners, among whom was the English commander, the brave and able Talbot. From this time town after town opened their gates to the invincible and warlike maiden; and the King, as he progressed, scarcely perceived that he was passing through an enemy's country, till, on the 16th of July, about two months after her success at Orleans, and nearly five months after her first appearance before Charles, at Chinon, she planted her standard on the battlements of Rheims.

The following day was devoted to festivity and joy. A vast assemblage of people was convened—the bells were rung—banners floated in the air on every side—triumphal arches were reared, and long processions swept through the streets, accompanied by strains of martial music, and bursts of enthusiastic rapture. In these joyous exhibitions the Maid of Orleans bore a conspicuous part. She is represented as having managed her milk-white steed with even more than her accustomed grace and to have borne herself with a dignity suited to the important place she occupied in the eyes of the people. By her direction the King was conducted with great pomp and circumstance to the Cathedral, where the coronation of a long line of his predecessors had been celebrated, and there crowned in all due form, with the solemn ceremonies of the church, and anointed with holy oil, brought, according to one author, by a pigeon from heaven to Clovis, the first King of France.

"Having now," says one of our authorities, "fulfilled her mission, she petitioned her royal master for liberty to leave his court, and return to the quiet and obscurity of her native village, and her former condition.

\* Our authorities differ as to her age. One account represents her as born in 1401, another in 1410, and a third in 1412.



Charles' entreaties and commands unfortunately prevailed upon her to forego this resolution. Honors were lavishly bestowed upon her—a medal was struck in celebration of her achievements, and letters of nobility were granted to herself and every member of her family. Many gallant and successful exploits illustrate her subsequent history; but these we cannot stop to enumerate. Her end was lamentable, indelibly disgraceful to England, and scarcely less so to France.

"On the 24th of May, 1430, while heroically fighting against the army of the Duke of Burgundy, under the walls of Compeigne, she was shamefully shut out from the city which she was defending, through the contrivance of the governor; and being left alone, was, after performing prodigies of valor, compelled to surrender to the enemy. John, of Luxemburg, into whose hands she fell, sometime after sold her for a sum of ten thousand livres to the Duke of Bedford. She was then brought to Rouen and tried on an accusation of sorcery. The contrivances which were resorted to in order to procure evidence of her guilt, exhibit a course of proceedings as cruel and infamous as any recorded in the annals of judicial iniquity; and on the 30th of May, 1431, she was sentenced to be burnt at the stake.

"During all this time no attempt had been made by the ungrateful and worthless prince, whom she had restored to a throne, to effect her liberation. In the midst of her calamities, the feminine softness of her nature resumed its sway, and she pleaded hard that she might be allowed to live. But her protestations and entreaties were alike in vain. On the following day the horrid sentence was carried into execution in the market place of Rouen, and the poor, unhappy victim died courageously and nobly as she had lived, a martyr to her delusions."

#### INDIAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

THE following account of the general deluge, was taken from the mouth of the chief Faquir, at the supposed tomb of Noah, in the vicinity of the ancient city of Oude, in the province of Hindostan, Dec. 14, 1797.

The translator observes, that the fidelity of the translation may be depended upon, except in one or two instances, where a regard to delicacy compelled his departure from the exact letter: in one of them, where he has borrowed his expression from the heathen mythology, he is conscious that he has subjected himself to critical animadversion; but for this inaccuracy, his motive will, he trusts, form a sufficient apology.

"In the days of Noah, men were become so wicked, as totally to neglect the worship of the true God—when an almond shell fell from heaven, accompanied with a voice, directing Noah to form an ark after its shape, the length of which should be 11,000 yards; this model, Noah carried to four workmen, a worker in iron, a hewer, fashioner, and carrier of wood, and desired them to make the ark; they gave him in answer, that on no other terms than his giving them his daughter, on the completion of the job, would they undertake it.

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"On this, Noah addressed the Supreme Being, and was enjoined to close with their proposal, and rest satisfied; which he instantly obeyed. When the ark was finished, they called on Noah to fulfill his part of the agreement, when he again called upon God, petitioning for his direction, and was ordered to procure the young of the four following animals, one of each kind, a female, and make them fast in the four corners of the ark; a dog, a cat, an ass, and a monkey, and in the centre of them to seat his daughter on the book of the word of God, and that in the course of one night the four animals should be changed into form, feature, and in all respects the exact resemblance of his daughter.

"These metamorphoses having taken place accordingly, Noah presented them instead of his daughter, to the builders of the vessel. By some untoward circumstance or other, however, these deluded workmen began to be suspicious, and accusing Noah of witchcraft, went in a body, and by way of revenge, in a manner too vile to be named, defiled the goodly work of their hands.

"Noah again had recourse to divine assistance, which causing a pestilential wind to blow, all who had been instrumental in the beastly deed, were instantly afflicted, some with blindness, others with deafness, others with lameness; in short, among them were liberally dispensed all the ills of the famed box of Pandora.

"At length, a leper, but not of those so punished for defiling the ark, accidentally fell into the midst of the gulf, when (wonderful to relate) he came out again perfectly cured of every symptom of his loathsome disease. The consequence of this was, that every diseased person to whose knowledge this surprising system of cure of bodily ills had come, thronged to the polluted ark; so that in a short time not only all the filth was cleanly licked up, but even the beams and planks were scraped, to the loss of three or four inches of their original substance; their labor was not lost, one and all were healed.

"Noah then heard the voice from heaven, crying, 'Behold now the ark is purified, assemble forthwith, of all the animals which I have made, of each kind one pair, and shut them up in the ark; choose also of men the most upright which the world affords, forty of each sex, and with them and thy wives and thy children ascend the ark; for I will send water upon the earth, and every living thing thereon shall perish.'

"As the voice predicted, so it fell out—the water rose first from an old woman's oven, which, with that from above, lasting in all six months, destroyed every living creature upon the earth, except one old woman, who believing in God, had begged of Noah to take her also into his boat; but in the hurry he it seems forgot and left her, but not to destruction; for the Almighty loving her for her faith, placed her upon an aggregation of foam caused by the gurgitation of the water, and defending by his power, saved her from the universal wreck.

"The ark landed first at Carbelah, from whence Noah floated on a part of it to this place, about 6,500 years ago.

"The tomb is 17 yards in length."—*Imperial Magazine.*

## ADDRESS

OF A PASTOR AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MATERNAL  
ASSOCIATION, KEESVILLE, ESSEX CO., N. Y.

"And her children arise up and call her blessed," Proverbs  
xxx, 29.

In this chapter the portrait of female perfection is penciled by a master-hand. Solomon here sketched the outline of an ensample, addressing itself to the heart and taste of all—inviting imitation. He describes "the wife," and gives a single touch, that we may look upon her as a mother to the children of her husband. It is but a word; yet brief as his language is, it implies volumes. No additional language can strengthen or give greater force to it. "Her children arise up and call her blessed." To say this, is to say the most that words can express of the virtues of a mother. That cluster of graces that throws a sacredness around the memory of one that nurtured us, is more to be envied than the crown of Victoria. For it is a token that she has faithfully discharged her duty in her appropriate sphere.

In setting the "solitary in families," God appointed the mother to the most arduous and responsible station: and in faithfully fulfilling the charge, she is the centre from which radiates all that renders home the loved spot of earth. While she lives, she gladdens many hearts; and when she is gone, blessed is her memory. She is followed to the tomb by the saddest procession of mourners. Yes, when she carefully walks in the paths of her allotment, "her husband praiseth her, and her children arise up and call her blessed."

What panegyric more noble than that? far better than to say of her that she sat upon thrones and ruled nations.

But, I address myself to the mother. Most present are happy in being addressed by this significant title—are rejoicing that God's providence has called them to discharge the duties of the relation, however unqualified in their own estimation, for the station. Notwithstanding the consciousness of incompetency a mother may desire to rear her offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; still she too often feels pride as well as fondness when she looks upon her children—when she meets so many eyes turned to her for protection, and comfort, and counsel, in all the unwavering confidence of childhood; and if she be a Christian mother, the burden of her daily prayer is for wisdom and discretion in the duties of her sphere. To give just occasion for her children to rise up and call her blessed, is the praiseworthy object of her toil, her study, her self-denial, and her prayers.

What is it that attaches *blessedness* to the memory and name of mother? There is much. Every thing conspires to make a mother dear to those she has nurtured and trained. Maternal fondness ever manifesting itself—caresses, and those thousand kindnesses that none but a mother knows how to evince—these together entwine a strong chord, binding the whole family to its maternal head; and this whether the love and ten-

derness she feels is exercised with prudence or not. It may be the same if manifested by overweening, culpable indulgence.

But simple maternal fondness is not all that attaches a blessedness to the name of mother—that blessedness of which Solomon speaks. It is a small part of a mother's duty simply to love her children, or to excite in their hearts simple filial affection. Much else has she to do to make her name and memory truly blessed. Neither is that common protection which maternal love instinctively extends to the child—to feed and clothe, and supply its physical wants, to cherish when well, to nurse when sick—this is not all; although this is sufficient to enstamp a mother's image indelibly upon the heart, yet it is not her whole duty. These things ought she to do, but not leave the others undone.

Again. I ask, what is the duty to which a mother should devote her energies, that her name may be blessed?

I. It is to prepare her child, by careful training in early life, for the trials, the cares, hardships, realities of subsequent life. Childhood is a period of probation, not only for eternity, but for after years of earthly existence; and such is the relation that childhood holds to maturer life, that not only the usefulness and the respectability of manhood eminently depends upon early culture and discipline, but personal happiness and content depends much upon the molding of the dispositions, inclinations and prejudices, by a mother's hand.

We are all destined to live in a world of wants, where the laws of the land or of common life can guaranty no provision for our necessities but what results from daily industry. We must live by the "sweat of the brow." Liable to a thousand daily accidents, the time hastens on when fathers and mothers molder in the dust; the paternal roof crumbles, or strangers come in to occupy—patrimony is scattered and gone. And how many leave no legacy but their memory; and those now helpless in childhood, ignorant of want or toil, will be called to meet face to face with the harsh realities of life wholly unprepared. The mother's hand may prepare the child for any event or contingency of this kind; and on the other hand, her remissness or ill-directed tenderness may throw them in contact with strangers and the world, as the petted nestling meets the winter's blast.

A mother's duty is to train her child for real life—to prepare it for reality, without subjecting it to certain disappointment. If rightly instructed, and subjected to proper discipline—to self-denial—to hardships adapted to its years—and taught what is to be encountered in future life; then will children grow up to manhood—to woman's estate, and as they traverse this world of cares "they will call their mothers blessed."

How many have I seen made to themselves miserable, and unpleasant to all around, solely on account of neglect in childhood, chargeable to a mother's overweening, culpable fondness. It is the greatest unkindness to a child to neglect in this respect its early culture.

With this as preliminary, I present the following



points of attention, and leave them for you to expand, and carry them out in their application to the subject:

In training children as probationers for temporal existence,

1. Exercise over the child absolute authority, and the power of absolute restraint. It was not without reason that Jeremiah said, "It is well for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

2. Inculcate the virtue of self-restraint.

3. Accustom a child to labor and privation adapted to its years.

4. Suppress pride, and all the various passions. The earthly curse of thousands is a pride fostered by a mother's hands in childhood.

5. Excite a laudable ambition for usefulness and independence.

If a mother desire to throw a blessedness around her memory, let her,

II. Train her children as probationers for the world which is to come.

This the ultimate end in view, when God commits precious souls to a mother's charge. For this he clothes a mother with influence unbounded, and creates the child docile and tender. But here I need not dwell, for these thoughts have been made familiar to you all by frequent repetition.

The father is the protector. He tills the land, fights the battles, and gives himself up to the rougher concerns of life; while the mother sits at the cradle, rules in the nursery: and upon her it especially devolves to prepare the little son to take its father's place—to rear the daughters to fill the place vacated by a mother's death—to prepare the next generation to enter upon the stage when this shall have been swept away and forgotten. When this is faithfully done, then shall each generation rise up and call the mothers of the past BLESSED.

But as the Christian instructor, the mother acts for eternity. She preaches the Gospel where even an apostle cannot enter. When faithful here, saints in glory, redeemed by her prayers and her instructions, "shall rise up and call her blessed."—*Mother's Magazine*.

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Original.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

—  
BY MISS DE FOREST.  
—

CONNECTICUT! thy rolling shore  
Is fading fast away,  
And thou shalt greet my sight no more,  
For many a weary day.  
The glistening waves are dashing high,  
Our gallant boat beside,  
But calm and pure the azure sky,  
And softly on we glide.

Connecticut! thy name hath power  
To call my thoughts all home,

When in an over anxious hour,  
They o'er the future roam;  
Then forth steps busy memory,  
From dreamy past upspringing,  
And visions light of days gone by  
She evermore is bringing.

The voices of the friends I loved  
Are ringing in my ear—  
The faithful ones whom time has proved,  
In seeming now are near;  
The hills around my youthful home  
Upon my fancy seize;  
But tones of woe and wailing come,  
Borne on the fitful breeze.

Pale death hath taken one by one,  
And time a change hath wrought,  
Till those who wept, must weep alone,  
And those who smiled, smile not:  
The lonely grave hath claimed a boon  
From many a sorrowing one;  
And such will joy to know that soon  
Their work on earth is done.

Connecticut! one long farewell  
Unto thy sunny shore;  
But soon above where angels dwell,  
Thy lost ones part no more:  
As thy fair hills are fading fast,  
A brighter land appears;  
So may it be with us at last,  
Beyond this vale of tears.

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## THE STRUGGLE.

Mock not with proffered sympathy  
Such agony as this;  
Seek not to soothe with love's kind words,  
Affection's tear or kiss:  
Thou might'st assuage a common grief—  
A lighter sorrow share;  
But, O! *such* bitterness of heart  
One, only one must bear;  
'Twere almost bliss to grieve, and feel  
That love might bear a part;  
Alas, such bliss ne'er mingles with  
Such bitterness of heart!  
Then leave, O leave the stricken heart  
To agony and tears—  
To sorrow o'er its baffled hopes,  
And battle with its fears:  
For such a heart *earth hath* no balm—  
For such it hath no cure—  
Leave it to wonder at the past,  
To live, and yet endure!  
Leave it! perchance it yet may turn,  
When every tie is riven,  
And hap'ly find repose at last  
In faith, and hope, and heaven!

M. R. K.

Original.

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY E. THOMSON.

SEATED last Sabbath in the altar of a crowded church, and sympathizing with a large assembly which was rather impatiently waiting for the arrival of a distinguished preacher, my attention was suddenly attracted by a gentleman who advanced slowly up the aisle. Time had whitened his temples, care had ploughed his cheek, and affliction had evidently opened the fountain of his tears, and spread over his countenance that softened expression on which the eye of the musing soul loves to rest. He bore in his arms an infant wrapped with unusual care. Throwing one covering after another over his arm, he at length disclosed the treasure so carefully concealed. It was a babe of extraordinary beauty. Its brow was of marble whiteness, its cheek of rosy hue, and its sparkling eye of almost unearthly lustre. How *beautiful*, thought I, is the human form! This is an abode worthy a new made angel—this is a temple fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. How *innocent* the human infant! No unholy thought has disturbed this intellect—no unworthy purpose has agitated this bosom—no transgression has polluted this character; and though “engendered of the offspring of Adam,” yet, thanks be to Jesus Christ, the “free gift” descends upon it, and, if translated to heaven, it could share the bliss, and swell the song of the upper sanctuary. Were the Savior in this temple, doubtless he would take it in his arms and bless it, saying, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” How *dignified* is the human infant! Here is but a little particle of perishing dust, yet who can tell what destinies it may wield. Within its bosom there slumber passions, whose outbursting may convulse the nations. Beneath its skull there lies an intellect that may illuminate the world, comprehend the universe, adore its Author, inscribe its name in eternal histories, and shine in everlasting and progressive glory among the highest order of the heavenly hierarchy. No wonder that it has an angel, who beholds the face of its Father in heaven continually. And can we, on earth, behold it with indifference? Blessed creature, thought I, I will pray for thee, that thou mayst be guided by a Divine hand through this world of sorrow to the realms above. How *helpless* the human infant! All other creatures have some ability for defense or escape, some judgment in relation to nourishment and danger; but man, the lord of the lower world, comes into existence entirely dependent upon the ministry of others.

I perceived that this child had been clad with unusual care—its unstained garments were as snow—its head-dress evinced a taste and care quite remarkable—exhibiting a striking contrast with the coarse and careless garments of the father. Alas! here is the father, and there is the babe, but where is the mother? The scarf of the old gentleman answered the question.

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He had recently come up from the chambers of death, where he had deposited the mother of his child. As he turned his eye to the seat where the dear departed used to listen to the Gospel, a tear issued, unbidden, from its spring, and his countenance seemed to say, O, Mary, Mary, would to God I had died for thee! But what kind bosom receives this motherless babe, and what soft hand wipes away its tears? These inquiries were readily answered. A blooming maiden, clad in deep mourning, followed the old pilgrim's footsteps. She was no sooner seated than she received the lovely infant to her arms, and bending, as if to escape observation, pressed it to her lips; and then her eye gazed intently upon its playful features, and her soul grew enraptured by its smiles. Though deeply interested with the discourse which followed, I could not forbear, occasionally, to survey the countenances of that lovely and interesting group. Never did mother's countenance more vividly represent maternal tenderness, nor helpless infancy more clearly portray filial dependence, contentment, and affection. I had often seen the triumphs of a sister's love—I had often witnessed and experienced a mother's unfailing, intense attachment, but never before had I beheld the blended influences of a sister's and a mother's love. What, thought I, will be the affection of this pair, should Providence spare them until the infant ripens into manhood.

The sermon being ended, the candidates for baptism were invited to come forward. The first who stepped within the altar was the aged patriarch, bearing his infant boy, and followed by his lovely daughter, who, instead of the mother, stood at the baptismal font. I involuntarily recurred to the mountain of Moriah, and thought of Abraham offering his son Isaac, and then my imagination advanced a little, and painted the sister of Moses watching her brother in the bulrushes; but the real exceeded the beauty of the imaginary picture.

I had seen woman, lovely woman, at the hour of danger, and on the day of trial—I had witnessed her at the cradle of her first-born, in the chamber of the sick, and by the pillow of the dying—I had attended her as she followed the departed partner of her bosom to “the house appointed for all the living;” yet never did I behold her in a more interesting attitude than on that day.

—ms885—

HE that has never suffered extreme adversity knows not the full extent of his own depravation; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of *others* can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others. Sir Robert Walpole observed, it was fortunate that few men could be prime ministers, because it was fortunate that few men could know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind. Therefore a beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt *others*, her poverty *herself*.



Original.

## CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT is often inculcated upon us, and never more frequently than when we are suffering under the pressure of accumulated evils. That we should submit to the consequences of our own ill course of imprudence, indiscretion or impatience, is but proper, as to the thing itself. That we should resign ourselves to inevitable evils, and most of all, that we should acquiesce in the decisions of Providence, is claimed at our hands both as an act of piety, and of common sense.

Perhaps we may do all this, and yet not be *essentially contented*. That we are placid and resigned under annoying, nay, distressing circumstances; that we neither cherish nor indulge the thick-gathering humors of bile or of passion; that we make no resolve against our own self-possession, is, perhaps, as much as can immediately and at once be expected from the victim of disappointment and chagrin. And it is only those who have never suffered, or never suffered alike, the accumulated evils that follow in the train of adversity, who will urge the hard condition upon us.

What is contentment? It is the satisfaction of our nature in her own proper enjoyments. And what is our nature? Firstly, most immediately and imperatively, it is the claimings of physical existence—of food and raiment and habitation, and so much of ease as exonerates us from continual, and fatiguing and disagreeable employments: these, as superadded to the common gifts of health, sanity of mind, capacity of advancement, &c. Next come the cravings of the moral sense, including the social, (which, indeed, is a half mixed principle of the former classification,) with friendship and fair appreciation as manifested by acts; and participation in all proprieties of intercourse, the interchanges of regard and beneficence, as also the equal dealing of business, and of the eligible and the expedient, without let or hindrance. Even leaving out the refinements of taste, which nevertheless do either thrill with delight, or grate harshly upon those chords near and about our hearts, with yet some more extended influence upon our mental perceptions also; either aggravating our sense of evil, or else inducing and affording a larger harmony of contentment. And the yet full demanding of an intellectuality, which at every accession of light, gives us substantially and vitally, a keener perception of whatever destitution exists within and about us.

Under circumstances of disaster, the accumulated evils of our manifold being throbbing in our nerves, beating in our hearts, and glancing its lightning rays athwart our mind, pointed as it is by the index of a self-love inwoven with all; it shall not seem surprising to any one, or of any one, competent to entertain the whole idea, that with the light of truth in our bosom, upon these conditions only, that we disdain to name our suffering and our philosophy, by the blessed name of contentment. A name which is of regeneration—a name which, in its advent of peace, has no other sponsor than that of Jesus Christ the holy—the mediator

betwixt us and our God—who alone is able to “hide us away in the day of his wrath,” and can cause all the griefs of “this present evil life,” to seem to us as if “they were not.”

C. M. B.



Original.

## MRS. JUDGE M'LEAN.

MRS. M'LEAN was born in South Carolina. Her father, Dr. Edwards, and also her mother, were natives of Virginia. While she was quite young her parents removed to Kentucky, and settled in Scott county. They were both members of the Baptist Church. Dr. Edwards, having a delicate constitution and being in feeble health, lived only a few years after this removal. After the lapse of some years his widow was married to Dr. Stubbs, an Englishman, of somewhat eccentric habits, but of great learning. He had been regularly ordained as an Episcopal clergyman, in England; but after his migration to America he was principally engaged in teaching the languages, astronomy, and the various branches of the mathematics. Under his direction Miss Edwards acquired an accurate knowledge of the English language, and of some other branches of education.

Mr. Stubbs removed from Scott to Boon county, and thence to Campbell, in the neighborhood of Newport. It was there, in 1803, that Miss Edwards became acquainted with Mr. M'Lean, her future husband. He studied the languages under Mr. Stubbs. At this time they were both young, he being eighteen and she seventeen years of age; but an attachment was formed which continued through life.

In March, 1807, they were married, and shortly afterwards fixed their residence in Lebanon, Ohio. Mr. M'Lean the succeeding fall commenced the practice of the law, and had no other reliance for the support of his family. At that time a more rigid economy was observed than at the present day, without any restriction on social enjoyments.

A few years after their marriage, through the instrumentality of that excellent and pious minister of God, the Rev. John Collins, they were brought to think seriously of religion. And they agreed with each other to seek for it earnestly and perseveringly, in the way recommended. This was no hasty decision produced by momentary excitement. It was formed most deliberately, after many conversations on the subject. Some weeks after this determination, in the fall of 1810, at the house of Mr. Anderson, in Lebanon, an invitation being given, by Mr. Collins, after sermon, they approached him together and joined the Methodist Church. On the same day another couple and several other persons joined. From this time a revival in Lebanon commenced, which increased the Church in that place, from a small class, to one of the most respectable societies in number and character in the state.

The days of this revival have long since passed, and many of its subjects have gone to their final account. Very few of them are now to be found in Lebanon.

But those of them who still live, can never fail to retain the most lively impressions of this memorable period. The members of the Church saw eye to eye, and were truly as a band of brothers. Those who were not of the Church took knowledge, that the members of it had been with Jesus. Great numbers attended on the preaching of the word, and many remained to pray. More excitement may have been often witnessed, in a revival, but such was the spirit of love and of faith, of joy and of triumph, that no one could attend the religious exercises of the society without receiving the most solemn impressions. Mrs. M'Lean engaged most heartily in the cause of religion and of the Church. From the first, under no circumstances was she ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; and it was not long before she was enabled to say, from her own experience, "it is the power of God unto salvation."

She was not enthusiastic in her feelings, but her susceptibilities were acute, and there was an unsurpassed depth of sincerity and firmness of purpose in her soul. At the time she became a member of the Church, almost all her associates were irreligious, and many of them entertained strong prejudices against the Methodists. But this had no weight with her on so momentous a subject. She deliberately counted the cost, and having taken the first step, she cheerfully and joyfully bore the cross. In the religious intercourse of her new friends she found a sweetness and consolation, which the world could not give, and to which she had before been a stranger.

The public duties of her husband, first as a member of Congress, and then as a judge of the Supreme Court of the state, left her nearly half the time alone with her little family, to which she was much devoted. But her religious associations cheered her solitude, and made her happy. At length in the spring of 1823, her husband having received an appointment at Washington, that city became her place of residence. Here a new and an interesting scene opened to her view. She was thrown amongst strangers, and connected with the highest political circles. And among those most distinguished, there were very few who had the form of religion, much less its power. They were generally gay, fashionable, and intelligent. Their entertainments were frequent and brilliant; and her position required that she should attend, and, to some extent, reciprocate them. The ambition and aptitude of her nature soon placed her at ease in these associations, and she conciliated the good will and respect of all with whom she had intercourse. Her acquaintance thus formed, during a six years' residence at Washington, embraced the most distinguished persons of both sexes in every state of the Union, and all the ministers, their ladies and legations from foreign courts, resident at that city.

But she did not give her heart to these things. They were submitted to from a sense of duty, and this would not admit of her falling behind the courtesies of others; but in the bosom of the Church she found her chief enjoyments. These were cherished with a sacredness which nothing was permitted to violate. And in all

her intercourse, she never compromised the dignity and circumspection which belonged to a professor of religion. In the spring of 1829, her husband having been appointed to the supreme bench of the Union, removed his family to Cincinnati. Mrs. M'Lean left, at Washington, a numerous circle of warm friends, and, it is believed, not an enemy. The only pain which resulted from this change was the separation from her eldest and third daughters. They were both married; the former remained at Washington, and the latter in Philadelphia. But this pain was mitigated by the consideration that she should spend her winters at Washington, with her husband, at her daughter's; and pay an annual visit to her daughter in Philadelphia.

In December, 1829, the first stroke of death was felt in her beloved family. Being of a delicate form and constitution, she had experienced, in her own person, much affliction, which she uniformly bore with uncommon fortitude and resignation. But her children had generally been healthy, though not robust. Her youngest son, near nine years old, contracted a severe cold, which fell upon the brain, and which the skill of physicians could not remove. He died after an illness of little more than a week. The hearts of his parents were bound up in this boy. He was exceedingly promising and amiable, and their hopes were fixed upon him. The hope of meeting him in heaven, after his death, was the only consolation left to them. Mrs. M'Lean in this, as in every other trial, showed a firmness in her nature and a confidence in God which could not be shaken. Like David, the child being dead, she restrained her sorrow and submitted with a calm resignation to the afflictive dispensation.

In the course of a few years the health of Mrs. Weed, her eldest daughter, of Washington City, became very precarious. In a short time her disease assumed a pulmonary character, and her physicians advised travel as the best means to protract her life and afford any hope of improving her health. With this view Mrs. M'Lean remained with her, and spent the spring and summer in travel, and at the Red Sulphur Springs of Virginia. These means may have prolonged the life of Mrs. Weed for some months; but as the cold weather of the fall and winter approached, she became worse, and died late in December.

Through all her sickness, night and day, Mrs. M'Lean was with her, administering to the comforts of the body and the instruction of the soul. The body sunk under the pressure of disease, but the soul triumphed. While dying, Mrs. Weed retained the full vigor of her mind, and was perfectly calm and collected. She sent remembrances of love to her friends, and consoled her distracted husband: "Why," said she to him, "do you mourn at my loss? I am happy. I shall soon be in heaven. If you could feel as I now feel, you would not fear death. O seek religion!" Her last hours were thus employed.

This heavy affliction was borne by Mrs. M'Lean, as she had borne the loss of her youngest son. The destroyer had taken her first and last child. He had



broken the family circle, and left a vacuum which neither time nor circumstances could fill.

After the death of Mrs. Weed, Mrs. M'Lean's journeys to Washington were discontinued. The delicacy of her health and the unavoidable exposures in crossing the mountains, in the winter, rendered this necessary.

In the course of a few years her third daughter, Mrs. Richards, having removed from Philadelphia to New York, became ill, and was threatened with the same disease of which her sister died. In hopes of arresting the progress of the disease, she sailed in the fall to the West Indies, and spent the winter at Santa Cruz. Her health was greatly benefited by this voyage and residence; but on her return the vessel encountered, in the bay of New York, a storm which continued several days, from which she contracted a severe cold. This brought on a relapse of the disease, with increased violence. Hearing of her return and illness, her parents, in great haste, visited her. They found her wasting by disease, but cheerful and resigned. After the lapse of some days, the public duties of Judge M'Lean required him to return to the west, but Mrs. M'Lean remained.

The disease continued to advance, and in the course of a few months, Mrs. Richards became its victim. She died as her sister had died, in great peace and triumph. She left a most interesting little daughter about two years of age, which she consigned to the care of its grand-mother. A sudden indisposition of this child, and the entreaties of its bereaved father, induced Mrs. M'Lean to return to the west without it. Mr. Richards engaged to bring her to the west in a short time. But this child was destined to be, indeed, a child of affliction. She was the most beautiful and fascinating little creature that the writer ever beheld. She was as delicate as the flower that grows in the shade. In a short time after the death of her mother, she was seized with a disease of the spine, which for many months prostrated her, and from which she never recovered.

About a year after the death of his wife, Mr. Richards ruptured a blood vessel; and so great were the discharges of blood that his system gave way, and in a few weeks he was numbered with the dead. His afflicted little daughter, as soon as she was able to travel, with a careful and affectionate nurse, was brought to the arms of her grand-mother. For a year or more this beloved child seemed to acquire strength; but the ravages of the disease continued, and greatly injured the beautiful symmetry of her form.

In the fall of 1840, Mrs. Hayward, the fourth daughter of Mrs. M'Lean, and who resided at Boston, was suddenly attacked by a disease which proved fatal in some eight or ten days. In May preceding, this daughter, having spent a year with her parents in the west, left them for home in good health and spirits. This blow was the more distressing as it was so unexpected. The last words of Mrs. Hayward were, "I leave all suddenly, but I shall be happy."

Thus four of the beloved children of Mrs. M'Lean were cut down in the morning of life, whilst the future

was blooming with hope. It is thus that sorrows come when joys are anticipated. How wisely is the future covered from our view. Could we see events in time to come as in time past, we should have little or no relish for life. Our social enjoyments would be marred, by the certainty of an approaching separation. The beauties of nature and the gayeties of life would be shrouded in the gloom of death.

The lovely and afflicted little grand-daughter entwined herself closely around the heart of Mrs. M'Lean. Her disease rendered respiration difficult, so that her life was a continued struggle for existence. But her sufferings and her most endearing qualities, took hold of the deepest affections of the soul. Her extraordinary precocity and beauty of countenance, excited the admiration of all who saw her. But she, too, was destined to fall by the hand of the spoiler. Ere the bud had unfolded its beauties, it fell into decay.

In the summer of 1841, whilst Judge M'Lean was absent on his circuit, this beloved child took the measles, which in a short time proved fatal.

During the winter of 1841, Mrs. M'Lean had a severe cough, and was greatly reduced. Indeed, for some years before, during the cold weather, she had had a cough which was attended with more or less debility. Still she was not depressed under her sufferings. And although her frame was slight, yet in her nature there was so much buoyancy and firmness, that some of her friends persuaded themselves she would be spared many years. But those who knew her best and loved her most, saw with the deepest anxiety and apprehension that her system was sinking. Of this she was fully sensible. As the warm weather approached in the spring of 1841, her cough gradually subsided, and in the summer it entirely left her; but her strength did not much improve, and she was impressed that her end was nigh. This did not affect her spirits, and she uniformly exhibited her usual cheerfulness to her friends.

For the last two years of her life she was prevented from attending public worship, regularly, by her infirm health and the remoteness of her residence from the church. But this did not deprive her of communion with her God. In her last illness she remarked, "Last winter I was always anxious for the return of night, that I might retire early and in its silent watches, on my bed, hold communion with my own soul and with God."

As the cold weather approached in the fall Mrs. M'Lean's health became worse, and her cough returned with increased violence. Palliatives were used, and it was thought that the symptoms of her disease were somewhat mitigated. But a little exposure made her decidedly worse. On Monday week preceding her death, while at breakfast, she was seized with a severe chill, which lasted nearly two hours. She drank but part of a cup of coffee, and, with her husband, retired to her chamber. This was the last time she filled her seat at the family table. The last time—what weighs more heavily on the heart than this! And yet there must be a last time to us all. The last time at

church—in friendly intercourse—in family worship—at table.

In a few minutes after they entered the chamber Mrs. M'Lean observed to her husband, "I have been looking for this. Last winter when I was extremely ill I felt some reluctance to die, on account of my beloved and afflicted little grand-daughter, who looked up to me for protection and support; but a wise and merciful God has taken her to himself, and by this he has opened the way for me. I am now perfectly resigned to his will. I am safe in Jesus. I have no doubt of my acceptance."

Her chill was succeeded by a high fever, which remained for many hours. The skill of physicians was exerted with but little effect. As the fever subsided, she suffered under extreme debility. In a conversation she again remarked, "I know in whom I have believed. Jesus has pardoned all my offenses; he is my surety; in him I am safe, and in this I rejoice." A remark being made to a friend who had called to see her, that she had no fears beyond the grave, she observed with emphasis, "No, not a fear." To her physician she said, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die. My way is bright. I rejoice in my Savior." When all had retired from her chamber one night, except her husband, she observed to him, "This is a sacred place. I hope, my precious husband, that you are determined to urge your way to heaven."

She made her arrangements in regard to giving memorials of her affection to her friends with as much minuteness and composure, and as free from any excitement, as if she were only about to take a journey. Nothing seemed to escape her memory on the occasion. She observed, "I was astonished while sitting near the death-bed of our dear Arabella, (her eldest daughter,) to see how she could with so much calmness distribute various articles of property among her connections, and send to them messages of love while dying; but now I understand it." To her husband, who was deeply affected by her conversation, she observed, "You must not give way to such feelings; man up; our separation should have been looked for. You have too much sense to sink under this trial. God is wise in all that he does, and we should submit to the dispensations of his providence. It is much better that I should be taken than you. You can be of great service to our dear children, but I, if spared, could do them but little good."

On the abatement of her fever a trembling hope was cherished, that the crisis of her disease was passed; but it returned, and it was apparent that there was an inflammation of the stomach, which, unless arrested, must prove fatal. But the skill of her physicians was exerted in vain.

Early on Monday evening week after her first chill, she observed, "This is my last night:" and it was at a late hour on that night, that one of the most solemn and impressive scenes took place which has ever been witnessed. Her three children, (a daughter and two sons,) her husband, the wife of her eldest son and two

of her grand-children, were standing around her bed, with hearts broken with unutterable sorrow. To her eldest son, who stood near her pillow, she said, "My son, my dear son, I have endeavored to make my calling and election sure: and through the assisting grace of God, I have accomplished it. I am prepared to die. I have no doubt of my acceptance. And now, my dear son, will you promise to meet me in heaven? Four of my children, I have every reason to believe, are now in heaven; and I shall soon be with them. But I feel deeply for the three I shall leave behind me. I want to meet you all in heaven. Seek religion, my son, and God will bless you. Without the religion of Jesus, what would now be my situation?"

To her son's wife, Mildred, who stood next to him, she said, "My dear daughter, I love you much. Earnestly seek religion. God is merciful. He will pardon your sins, and at last take you to himself. And my dear Eva, my precious daughter, will you promise to meet me in heaven? Let nothing hinder you in making a preparation for death. You must die—and you cannot die in peace without religion. Seek the Lord and he will be found of you." To her other son she observed, "And you, too, my son; will you promise to meet me in heaven? God will pardon your sins and bless you, if you will only approach him as your Bible directs. O seek religion, and persevere until you obtain it." To her little grand-daughter she said, "Read your Bible, and ask instruction from Miss Mary, (her teacher.) She will explain many things which you cannot, of yourself, comprehend. Don't suffer your attention to be withdrawn from the subject of religion. It will enable you to live well and to die in peace." Her little grand-son she addressed in the same affectionate manner, asking him and his sister to meet her in heaven.

These are substantially her remarks; but they are far less pointed and affective than the words used. They were spoken in a slow, distinct, emphatic and affectionate tone of voice, that would have melted a heart of stone. Every word was most appropriate, and seemed to fall from the lips of inspiration. The eloquence appeared to be angelic.

Sometime after this, a person came into the room nearly connected to her, and in whose welfare she felt a deep interest. She took him by the hand and said, "This is probably the last visit you will ever pay me. I love your soul. Will you not promise me to meet me in heaven? I have taken Jesus for my portion. In him I have peace, and I have no doubt of heaven. Seek religion: it is the only thing worth living for, and it will be hard dying without it."

These scenes were so solemn, so deeply affecting, that they can never pass from the memory. Her remarks were concluded by a prayer that God would give the desired effect to every word spoken. She had taken some medicine to remove the phlegm from her throat, but she had not strength to throw it off. An opiate was administered which afforded some relief. She perfectly understood from her own feelings and



the countenances of her friends, that there was no further remedy. But this seemed to have no effect upon her mind.

In the latter part of the night it was evident that the hand of death was upon her, and she was fully sensible of it. But her composure and her expressions of confidence in God continued. While one was praying at her bed-side he besought the Lord to mitigate her sufferings, when she added in a strong voice, "or give me patience to bear them. Thy will be done, O God." These remarks were made by her on several similar occasions.

When near her last she was asked, "Do you find Jesus precious still?" "O yes," says she, "he is more than precious." The morning of the day on which she died, being very pleasant, it was observed to her, "This is a beautiful day on which to enter heaven." "Yes," said she, "and I shall soon be there." "Yes," the person observed to her, "you will soon unite with your dear children and friends now in heaven." "O yes," said she, "I shall be no stranger in heaven." And for the first time in her life, perhaps, she shouted, "Glory, glory to God in the highest; blessed be the name of the Lord." The names of several of her connections, besides her children, were mentioned, as being in heaven. She supplied several names omitted.

When the coldness of death extended almost over her whole system, she was asked if Jesus was still precious? She answered, "Yes, indeed." These were among the last, if not the last words she pronounced. She frequently endeavored, after her hands were as cold as ice, to unite them, but could not, while her soul was uplifted to God. And such was her end, at Longwood, near Louisville, Kentucky, the 5th of December, 1841.

In her, death was divested of all its horrors. The chamber in which she died seemed to be consecrated; and had it not been for the sufferings of the body, would have appeared more like heaven than earth.

In this sketch many things are omitted which might have been appropriately mentioned. The charities of the deceased have not been referred to. To the extent of her means, she clothed the naked and gave bread to the hungry. She sought, especially at Washington, the haunts of poverty, and administered relief to the unfortunate—not to the vicious. A just discrimination was always observed in her charities. But these acts were done in so private and unostentatious a manner, that her nearest connections were only made acquainted with them by accident. The Scripture injunction in such things, not to let one hand know what the other doeth, was strictly observed by her.

The leading qualities of her character were, abiding affection, deep sincerity, and surpassing moral firmness. Her mind was susceptible of high cultivation and of great expansion.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

VOL. II.—32

Original.

#### CRITICISM.

WE hardly ever read a review or a literary criticism, in any form, but what the question again presents itself to us, "Why is criticism so much respected—why so much dreaded?" To detail its history would require more references than we have any recourse to; and would also, in its progress, engross learning, to which we make no claim. Its history we attempt not to present; and yet we may, with a clever simplicity, guess, that it had no very large beginnings, nor any specific pretensions in its commencement, but was only the word-of-mouth comment of some reader, who besides the argument and the incident of a book, gave yet a third look, and either *did*, or did *not*, "quite like the way in which the thing was told," &c. A neighbor, perhaps, fancied differently, or for talk's sake took the other side of the question. May be too, he was a little witty, or, what should more provoke the derision of his opponent, pretended to a wit which he had not, and yet succeeded in calling up the laugh of the by-standers against the other. This was too bad—'twas unpassable and unpardonable. The dispute, we see, has by this time got into second hands; and 'tis not now the *book*, but the superior cleverness of the two antagonists, who make it their text in avenging each other, which is now the stake—and which shall, perhaps, in the course of discussion, elicit all the pedantry and all the egotism of both. But the book, the unlucky book, shall be lashed into an undeserved notoriety, or be, perhaps, condemned to a premature oblivion, not for its own sins, but for the sins of its commentators.

Why, then, should not individuals assume to weigh the merits of the commentator himself; especially as it regards his ability for the vocation assumed? And even if he is found worthy of the office by mental sufficiency, let us reflect how many other qualities and qualifications it shall yet require to constitute a critic. Not only truth, but candor is wanted. And besides thorough literary accomplishment, there should be taste and tact; and to the addition of good will and good humor, a yet further judgment and allowance of the position, age, desert, and opportunities of those "under the question;" and all these amenities for the author should be held in check by an impartiality so fair, that the balance should neither fall short nor exceed, by a breath of concession, nor a hair's breadth of censure. May be with all sufficient endowments for the office, we have yet seldom seen the critic who was practically what he might be.

To refer, from across the water, to the earliest which we ever saw: "The Edinburg," "Blackwood's," and the "Quarterly." These giants in the art of criticism, were notorious for opposition and partisanship. And what the one *would*, for that cause only, it would sometimes seem to us, that another *would not*. And the poor book, bepraised by the Hercules of the North, should but "defer its fate," and be made succumb to the Jupiter Tonans of the South—having its choice of demolition. We allow that the public, in the mean-

time, were amused and enriched from the archives of belles-lettres and black-letter; that wit and acumen, whetted up by opposition and spurred on by rivalry, made a stirring show in the literary arena; that attention was engrossed, and intellectuality was excited and rewarded. But when the magazines of wrath were expended, when the giants themselves were getting exhausted, then also was their victim, the book, annihilated and buried out of sight, under the more exciting spectacle of the combat itself.

The critic claims to sit in judgment upon the merits of a composition, as such. And as it regards literary proprieties in the peculiar sense of rules, terms, unities, suitableness of allusion, &c., we would accord to him a supremacy of dictation. But in some other particulars, as choice of subject, the fable, method of treatment, purpose, taste, tact, skill, &c., the reader may not unfrequently claim equality of decision—equal right of suffrage and opinion. And still further, as he would be faithful to the author and to himself, let him see the original work, (not always read,) and say whether the reviewer's ministration has been of fairness and truth, or of misrepresentation and prejudice.

The action of right is always salutary, and such a right is vested in us. The proverb says, "Our soul's our own;" which in reverence we suppose means, that under God, no man can fetter it. If we permit him, which is another matter, we betray the truth. We do indeed "sell our birth-right for a mess of pottage;" and our posterity shall, in the meanness of their lineage, like the descendants of Esau, for many a day bewail our apostasy.

We would say that in accepting a critique, the review of an author, we would hold the critic in abeyance to our decision of his own fairness, before we go all lengths of opinion, or before we side with him at all. And for this purpose, let us by all means see the book itself, as well as the review of it.

We are often good-humored enough to laugh *with* the critic, may be at his wit; let us also be just enough to laugh *at* him, if in his jump of judgment he fall short of his aim, and expose himself to the hit intended for his author. Wit, we have said—but in soberness we do not admit that wit is a fair weapon in the case, albeit much of criticism is built upon it. Wit is not only not truth, but it is often adverse to it, sometimes its direct contrary. And this makes the point of our marvel, why this bugaboo criticism is held in so much dread, so unfair reverence. It is notorious that in all cases of popular interest or discussion, whether of politics, polemics, of civil or even of literary questions, a party is formed; and the adherents on either side are not only warm and in earnest, but they are often zealous to the measure of blinding themselves to the merits of the cause at issue—and yet worse, of blinding themselves to their own fairness of decision. And this error once allowed, gains force by the nature of the thing itself: the exciting and the stimulating of passion and party, over offended truth, embroils a true judgment, and establishes as it were,

an innate system of might over right. And by this vicious selfishness, the actors betraying others are also self-betrayed.

Whatever may be the stimulus in regard to closer interests, this matter of literary partisanship, in the outset, is often arbitrary and purely gratuitous. To the fair and proper critic we would defer; but we cannot assume that every reader in his vivacity of dissent or of championship, is influenced by his own delighted or offended tastes. If he is neutral in these conditions of a critic, perhaps it were better that he also preserved a neutrality of opinion—or rather, we would say, of expression—and assuming to himself the pacific sanction of, "None so impertinent as an intermeddler," shall leave the belligerents of the schools to fight out their own battles, in their own way. But if such an one will assume to dictate, we would hint that he is, not very modestly perhaps, making his own judgment, instead of his author's, the standard of the public liking. This is especially so as it regards subjects peculiarly of taste; for which, although there is a standard, yet few authors affect to reach it, and few readers are so hypercritical as to demand a thorough and continued conformity to it in the book.

This being pretty nearly the state of the case, why is it that criticism is so much dreaded—so much feared? Certainly the book criticised is essentially *what* it was before the critic took it in hand. No comment of his shall either enhance or detract from its intrinsic merits. If he deals fairly, in condemning he but makes an exposition of weaknesses and errors, which certainly were better amended than left. Suppose that in the writer there have been errors of ignorance, not of imposition, is it not a simple thing, if conviction have wrought its work, to acknowledge them—nobly and simply acknowledge them, without all that suffering before the public? Such apology is due them, as readers; but no more, no sacrifice of feeling for an unintentional fault. The author who makes this apology, gives earnest by this act of candor, that by-and-by at least, he will evolve that measure of truth for his readers, which is *in him*, and for which they shall yet have cause to thank him. But if he lets a selfish vanity sink him, he must sink.

If the criticism is not just, many a reader will find it out. And although ridicule may have pointed its shaft, the laugh elicited shall be light and transient, detracting not from the authority of individual opinion, and involving neither our judgment, nor our sense of desert; but if unfairly urged, calling for our animadversion and prompting defense. If the denouncing shall be altogether unworthy, vile and vituperative, it carries, in its own character, its refutation along with it; and we have instantly a full conviction of the case, and we see rather the reviewer's prejudice, than those faults of the author which, we perceive, he is more than disposed to aggravate. So that criticism is not, in all instances, of so genuine authority, as may at first be supposed. A literary work, it is said, is the property of the public. If the "author is too bashful to face the public, he should never present himself in type."



Another instance we would notice, and it is the extreme case—one in which the tender mercies of the reviewer are indeed of cruelty and death. We mean those instances in which the effusions of youthful genius (which are necessarily confused, and the most so in the fullest minds) are violated and heckled, torn up and butchered to death. What abomination is this—what dullness, what insensibility! There is no literary legislation, at least in legal sense; nothing penal, even as it regards the property of literature. But the possession of *genius* is somewhat more precious than this, and as such it should be guarded. The French Cousin tells us, and he is good authority, that “genius is the possession of the world.” As such, then, should it be defended against individual hostility—its germs fostered, and guarded from the rude assault of envy or of dullness. We have in particular view the fate of the English Keats, a victim of this sort; and although we know not the instances, yet are they too often alluded to for us to doubt the fact, that his genius and life were both sacrificed, whilst he was yet very young, to the horrors of public derision as the conceived result of a barbarous and denouncing critique. We have seen but one of his effusions—the Delphic Apollo—from which, abrupt and irregular as it is, we should at once read him a poet born; and that from its *tone*—uncommon, wistful, earnest, vehement, and desiring as it is—we should say he was a poet, such an one as in all of time has seldom been.

The law of England provides that a peer of the realm shall be tried only *by* his peers; and so in the realm of poesy should we say, that none of other clime, or other soul, should try the poet. The native constitution, the gift, is what alone should constitute the ability to do it. Mr. Channing has beautifully defended Milton against the “rules,” by saying that he “violated none so great as those he obeyed.” The insufficiency of the critic in this walk of literature we have not unfrequently noticed. Nor is it surprising that it should be so. That what is so little tangible, so sublimated, so subtle, so much of *fantasie* in its tastes and essence, so evanescent of sense, so irresponsible to all common tests as poetry, should be so little understood. So rare indeed is the true poetical temperament, that being perceived and known only by its affinities, to the many the “very language in which you would note it, is a strange tongue.”

Criticism in its treatment, is, we know, sometimes ultra, sometimes under—though it less rarely offends us by the “too much,” than it does by the too little of praise. It sometimes temporizes rather than discriminates its subject—and whilst the poor author is “damned with faint praise,” the reader (of the review only) is left with a very inadequate idea of how much may be found in the book itself. This, we think, is more often a device of deliberate intention, than are the instances of condemnation as noticed above.

Our country is getting to be a literary country; and though we cannot assert that there is as yet no party spirit in “the trade,” we are happy that the fact yet

remains a question. In addition to the *esprit du corps* which tends to keep them a unit, we also think they have too good taste to sin much in this particular. They have been so notoriously warned by the strife of British reviewers, that discretion should adopt the question where taste surrenders it; lest, in conflicting houses, for the sake of each other, both should come to be doubted.

We have already hinted, that even amongst professed and allowed critics the case sometimes occurs, where the poetical temperament is not at all accredited; instances of reviewers, who prefer even a cold and barren rhetoric to the richest fullness of the *mens divinor*: cases where they afford *nó* cognizance of the “fine frenzy,” for the honestest of all reasons—because they *cannot*. This insufficiency, being of nature’s parsimony, should in their own case, like other dullness, be allowed the pass; but when in its ignorance it assumes the authority of criticism, it should also, like other empiricism, meet the public scoff—since, being referable to opinion only, it is beyond the lash of a condign punishment. We have sometimes seen one of these self-constituted judges take in hand the beautiful, soul-breathing effusion of some youthful poet, and by misapprehension and misrepresentation, tear and mangle and deform it out of all shape and comeliness, and *then* pronounce upon it the verdict suited to its debased condition. It would remind us of nothing so much as of some fair young stag, bounding on the hill-side, throwing up its antles, and snuffing in the purity and joy of all around it—or else leaping away to some limpid spring, quaffing and taking at every change a new inspiration of delight and of existence! But lo! he is seen—he is marked—the envious archer takes his aim, he draws the bow, the shaft has sped, and that fair young creature staggers first, then falls—in the midst of being yields up his life, with nature’s struggling, tearful agony. Even after he has languished and died on the spot, the victim of butchery—the relentless sportsman, more insatiate than death, still pursues him and says, “Behold, what a vile *carcase* is there!” Such has sometimes been the martyrdom of genius; even such was meted to Keats.

But the style and treatment of this branch of literature has undergone a great change in recent days. Not only a necessary change, of conformity to the change of tone in popular compositions; but a change in its own handling and treatment of its “subjects.” And criticism would seem, by general consent, to be of a less stern and rigorous character; also would it impress us as being much less earnest, looser, and not so much in point now as formerly. In short, it gives us the idea of a test less to be dreaded and less respected, than when only the discriminating, the great, the tremendous wielded the pen. Their power was their intellectual superiority. But now the thing is common; every other reader is also a critic; may be for the pleasure of scribbling, may be for our good. Often the thing is purely gratuitous, neither demanding nor deserving our thanks. We neither fear nor tremble;

and it is not worth while to lose our temper—for though we have been interrupted and annoyed, yet as little harm has been done, our magnanimity, reversing the adage, takes the “deed for the will,” and so settles the matter comfortably. The department, we do fear, is not as dignified as it has been.

But we hold our hand—for we have just now, while penning this article, seen three or four or five American criticisms, each of which, in different degrees, has delighted and satisfied us. One, professing to be a notice of Longfellow’s poetry and style, we should say affords, at short, an exposition and analysis of the soul of poe-sie, of its claimings and methods, and of its proper aliment. It also shows large acquaintance with its artistical laws of rhyme and rhythm, of euphony and measure, &c., as well as of its essentials of temper and of tone. One of its expositions, simply beautiful as it is, should be engrossed as an apothegm of poetry, in gold or adamant. It is questioning the propriety of promiscuous subjects, and rejecting utilitarian and even didactic ones for the Muse; it decides, with the evidence of all that ever wrote, that “*beauty*, in widest acceptation, is *alone the legitimate subject of poesie*.” The rule must be considered, also, in its large admission of “sublimity.” This explication, or rather the difficulty which it explains, had ever been a want and a puzzle to us, in our judging of much poetry, of many poems from gifted minds, which *some how or other* yet fell short of the propriety, the unctuous efficiency of others, less important, less elaborated, and from less talented sources. But now that the riddle is read to us, its very simplicity of explication would seem to rebuke our dullness, excepting upon the axiom, “that the verities of nature are so direct of cause and effect, and so well suited to their own purpose of condition, that we were wiser perhaps in our research, if we would more often say to ourselves, ‘Not so fast,’ and ‘not so far.’”

Another hardly less lucid and able critique is afforded to the subject of Lowell’s poetry. Much discriminating guidance and admonition are propounded, and a liberal and hearty allowance of encouragement bestowed—encouragement, that boon and guerdon of the poetical temperament; and this without compromising the possibility of a conceited self-sufficiency. The Tyro is put upon his studies, and his models of nature, and his probation of industry, for the excellence that he may achieve. This is a generous and honest criticism, and we respect the writer in his vocation of critic.

Another is styled a “Chat about Keats.” This also betokens the true taste, the racy smack and relish of the pure Helicon.

These three reviews are all in Graham’s Magazine for March, 1842. We have no clue to the authorship of either, excepting that to that upon Lowell, the initial C. is appended. We may have misread the letter; perhaps it was G.—Graham?

In a periodical, emanating from Newton Centre, Massachusetts, we have lately read a review touching the subject of “Original Thinking,” in which, although the text book is not largely adverted to, yet does the wri-

ter afford most capital hints and methods for the attainment and culture of this power of the mind. Its exposition and argument are lucid and cogent, and the discussion is in itself a complete illustration of its subject matter. We think the book (not now at hand) is called the Evangelical Magazine, or some title of that import. We suppose the piece alluded to is by the editor. But who is he? Why, like the god of the Lama worship, is he hidden away from his votaries? Acquaintance-ship could exert none but a genuine influence in this case—could it?

We were also well pleased with a notice from the editor of the Methodist “Quarterly,” for April, 1842; in which he commends to his brethren, and to students for the ministry, a book which has hitherto been withheld from them—a Classical Dictionary. The present edition, a revision of Lempriere’s, is expurgated of its offensive portions, and its fables pointed to a better significance. Heathen mythology being often the only key to classical elucidation, must either be resorted to, or the access closed against the student, who would take counsel or heed of the ancients; who would delectate with their poets, or participate in the lore of their sages; or even would he wander and muse amid their high places, this should be his most efficient guide-book. Edited by Anthon, it is of discreet authority—and is recommended by the editor of the Quarterly. This short critique, in the freeness of its admissions, pleased us; the tact and keeping were in point to the book revised; as also to its specific object—the advancement of those addressed.

Although we have contemned a partial and spurious dictation, yet would we acknowledge the uses of a *fair criticism*, as being salutary both upon their subject author, and the public. Such writings need not be mistaken. By their tone and tenor we shall soon discern of what spirit they are; whether of benignity as affording aid and enlightenment to the literary Tyro, or whether, disregarding justice and humanity, they obey the promptings of a ribald, invidious, and self-seeking vanity. And many a reader, who should not be able to note the literary deficiencies of the author, neither his grammatical commitments, his rhetorical violations, nor his classical inaccuracies, shall yet in the review at once perceive that an unfair motive is at work, instigating to a false judgment of the matter in question—for the odiousness of ill-nature is of immediate cognizance. Such a critic establishes his own character, at least; and we can only compare him to some unclean reptile, which might itself escape detection, but that betrayed by its abominable odor, it is at once obnoxious to the sense of all within its reach.



EVILS are more to be dreaded from the suddenness of their attack, than from their magnitude, or duration. In the storms of life, those that are foreseen are half overcome; but the *tiffoon* is a just cause of alarm to the helmsman, pouncing on the vessel, as an eagle on the prey.



Original.  
TO AN INFIDEL.

On being presented with some choice flowers.

O, CANST thou thus these fragrant flowers admire  
Formed with such beauty, such transcendent skill,  
And not discern the feelings they inspire,  
To search for charms more elevated still?

Canst thou not in each blending color trace  
The pencil's touch of one by us unseen,  
And then acknowledge that exquisite grace,  
Which softens every shade of varied green?

Canst thou not read in nature's volume wide,  
Spread open like a book before thine eyes;  
And in thy mind where genius doth preside,  
To make thee still more excellent and wise?

But O, thy mind's more lovely than the flower  
Whose with'ring petals float upon the wave—  
Has charms unseen in nature's fading bower,  
Too bright to ever find for thought a grave.

'Twas made to grasp for joys far more sublime,  
Than evanescent pleasures of a day,  
To answer the Creator's great design,  
His goodness to adore, and him obey.

O, how I wish I could present a form  
Whose beauty should surpass all thou hast seen,  
Prepared this inward temple to adorn,  
Reflecting light from heaven's refulgent beam!

Couldst thou but view this angel from the skies—  
Benign religion, soother of the breast—  
Joy would spring up and sparkle in thy eyes,  
And all in heaven and earth would own thee blest.

'Tis this alone can calm the troubled soul,  
And touch life's deep impenetrable spring—  
Subdue the passions with complete control,  
And unexhausted stores of pleasure bring.

But thou hast never learned to search for truth,  
Nor bowed before Jehovah's sacred shrine;  
Thy days have passed in recklessness of youth,  
Unconscious of the worth of fleeting time.

Doubt rests upon thy mind—the sceptic's gloom  
Like a dark mantle wraps thee in its folds,  
While clouds obscure thy passage to the tomb,  
And unbelief its cruel empire holds.

May Heaven avert thy doom, accept the prayer  
Offered for thee on friendship's hallowed shrine—  
May not thy mind be left in darkness, where  
No ray of hope can reach that soul of thine!

May unbelief, in the last trying hour,  
Yield to the power of truth's unerring sway,  
And thy poor soul feel mercy's gentle power,  
And on some angel wing be borne away!

S. B. T.

Original.  
UNSANCTIFIED BELIEVERS.

"For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do," Paul.

WE wander in a thorny maze,  
A vale of doubts and fears—  
A night illumed with sickly rays,  
A wilderness of tears.

We wander, bound to empty show,  
The slaves to boasted will—  
We wander dupes to hopes untrue,  
And love to wander still.

We wander, while unfading joy  
We ne'er with zest approve—  
The bliss that sparkles to destroy,  
Secures our warmest love.

Some syren leads our steps astray,  
But speaks no peace within—  
We wander in a flowery way,  
Yet wander heirs of sin.

Cleanse us, O Savior, from our stains  
In mercy's living flood!  
Restore the lost, and bring again  
Us wanderers back to God.

Original.  
SANCTIFIED BELIEVERS.

WE travel now in "wisdom's ways,"  
Strangers to doubts and fears—  
Our day illumed with brightest rays,  
And joyful are our tears.

We travel on, urged by love's glow,  
With calm submissive will—  
Our souls all filled with hopes most true,  
We love to travel still.

We travel while unfading joys  
Our blessed course do prove—  
And bliss which nought on earth destroys,  
Secures our warmest love.

We follow Jesus in the way,  
He gives us peace within—  
We travel in a flowery way,  
Because we're freed from sin.

We have no will, or wish to roam,  
Led by allurements strong,  
But onward to our Father's home  
By grace are borne along

Cleansed by our Savior from sin's stain  
In mercy's living flood—  
Restored by grace, we press amain,  
And hasten on to God.

## THE MORNING FLOWERS DISPLAY THEIR SWEETS.

WORDS BY S. WESLEY.—MUSIC, A SCOTCH AIR.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef) and the second system has four staves (treble and bass clef for piano, and treble and bass clef for voice). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music is a Scotch Air. The lyrics are: "The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silk-en leaves unfold, As careless of the noon-tide heats, As fear-less of the eve-ning cold. Nipt".

*Arr.*

The morning flowers dis - play their sweets, And gay their silk - en leaves unfold, As

careless of the noon - tide heats, As fear - less of the eve - ning cold. Nipt



by the wind's un-time-ly blast, Parched by the sun's di-rect-er ray, The

mo-men-ta-ry glo-ries waste, The short-liv'd beau-ties die a-way.

2  
 So blooms the human face divine,  
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:  
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,  
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.  
 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
 Or broke by sickness in a day,  
 The fading glory disappears,  
 The short-lived beauties die away.

3  
 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
 Revive with ever-during bloom,  
 Safe from diseases and decline.  
 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
 If heaven must recompense our pains:  
 Perish the grass and fade the flower  
 If firm the word of God remains

## NOTICES.

**THE LIFE OF WILBUR FISK, D. D., First President of the Wesleyan University.** By Joseph Holdich. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pages 555.—The subject of this work was well worthy of the extended biographical notices presented to the public in this octavo volume. He was, judging from his "Life," scarcely second to any American divine of the age. In native talent, and in acquired ability, in sincere piety, and in purity of conduct, in diligence and in usefulness, few have excelled him. In the moral, educational, and religious enterprises of the day he was prominently active, and exerted an important influence in their favor. As a Methodist he maintained a dignified consistency, which will recommend him to his brethren, and embalm his memory in their grateful and warm regards.

He operated in a high sphere, and well did he perform his part. The Wesleyan University was the child of his vigorous and persevering efforts. It owed its respectability, if not its being, to his genius and industry. To foster and rear it up to its present state was his great secular work. It stands, we trust, a perpetual monument of the zeal and energy of W. Fisk.

If any thing is to be regretted, it is that he had not written more, and left, by that means, a more lasting, if not a deeper impression on society. His small polemic work on the "New Divinity," and his "Travels," are, with the exception of pamphlet publications, his only remains. These are valuable; but it is to be lamented that he did not add ten times more to these fruits of his literary toil. He wrote well, sometimes admirably; and had he written more, he would have been one of the ablest writers of the age.

We rejoice that the light of such a star shines upon us through a clear medium. It were a pity that a track so lucid as that of Fisk's should not be clearly traced and attractively exposed. It is sufficient to say that the biographer has fully answered the expectations of the public. We cannot often say of a picture that it is faultless, but we can say of this production that it is a skillfully wrought portraiture of real life, and assorts with the original. We doubt not that it cost its amiable author much labor, for it bears the marks of pains-taking. But it justifies the opinion which the lamented Fisk had formed of his qualifications for the office to which he was designated by the wishes of the deceased.

We will conclude this notice by declaring that although we had formed a very high opinion of the mental gifts and moral worth of Dr. Fisk, yet we had not done him justice until our conceptions of his character were corrected and enhanced by this biography. The Church has lost and heaven has gained more than we knew of.

**SELECT LETTERS OF REV. JOHN WESLEY.**—This is a duodecimo of 240 pages, published at the New York Book Concern. The letters are mostly on experimental religion, and many of them are addressed to females. To read these epistles is next to sitting in company with Mr. Wesley, asking him questions, and listening to his answers. Although this little volume has been several years before the public, it is not so extensively read as it should be. How highly would the reader value the privilege of spending an hour in rehearsing to the founder of Methodism all her fears and difficulties on the subject of religion, and receiving his best instructions and advice. To read these letters is almost an equal privilege. They are replies to letters addressed to him by Lady Maxwell and others, stating their difficulties in seeking and adhering to the Savior. Every reader will find some of her own difficulties alluded to, and suitable advice administered. We cordially recommend this valuable selection to all who desire to grow in grace and obtain freedom from indwelling sin. Except the Bible, there is no greater help to holiness.

**UNCLE SAM'S RECOMMENDATION OF PHRENOLOGY TO HIS MILLION OF FRIENDS.** New York: Harper & Brothers.—Under a vein of pleasing humor, this little book contains a correct delineation of phrenology; and if any wish to pry into the principles of so mysterious a science (?), let them study Uncle Sam. They can do it without weariness; for its style is re-

markably adapted to its topic. It is *lusus verborum*—a game of words all through.

**HISTORY OF ITALY.**—This is in three volumes of Harpers' Family Library. It surveys Italy and its islands from the beginning to the present time. It is from the pen of Wm. Spaulding, Esq., Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh. Of course it is presumptively meritorious. It embraces succinct recitals of all the prominent events, martial and ecclesiastical, of the Italians in their progress through great and varied revolutions to their present state. The writer was aided by a residence of some months in Italy. It is a remarkably attractive production, and will be read with great avidity by all who happen to find it out, and have a relish for history and description. Its ecclesiastical history will interest the Christian reader.

**LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION TO OREGON** is timely republished, and forms No. 155 of the Family Library. It is not unknown to our readers. At this time certain movements are being made towards the occupancy and settlement of Oregon by some of our pioneer citizens. This will render the republication of the "Expedition" popular, and will secure it many readers. It is replete with incidents of a romantic cast, and gives some valuable statements of the appearance of the country, and of its savage inhabitants at that early period, viz., 1803.

**GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.**—The numbers for May and June are filled with instructive articles. The third volume is closed. We have often referred our readers to this excellent paper. We shall do it again and again, and not be weary in well doing.

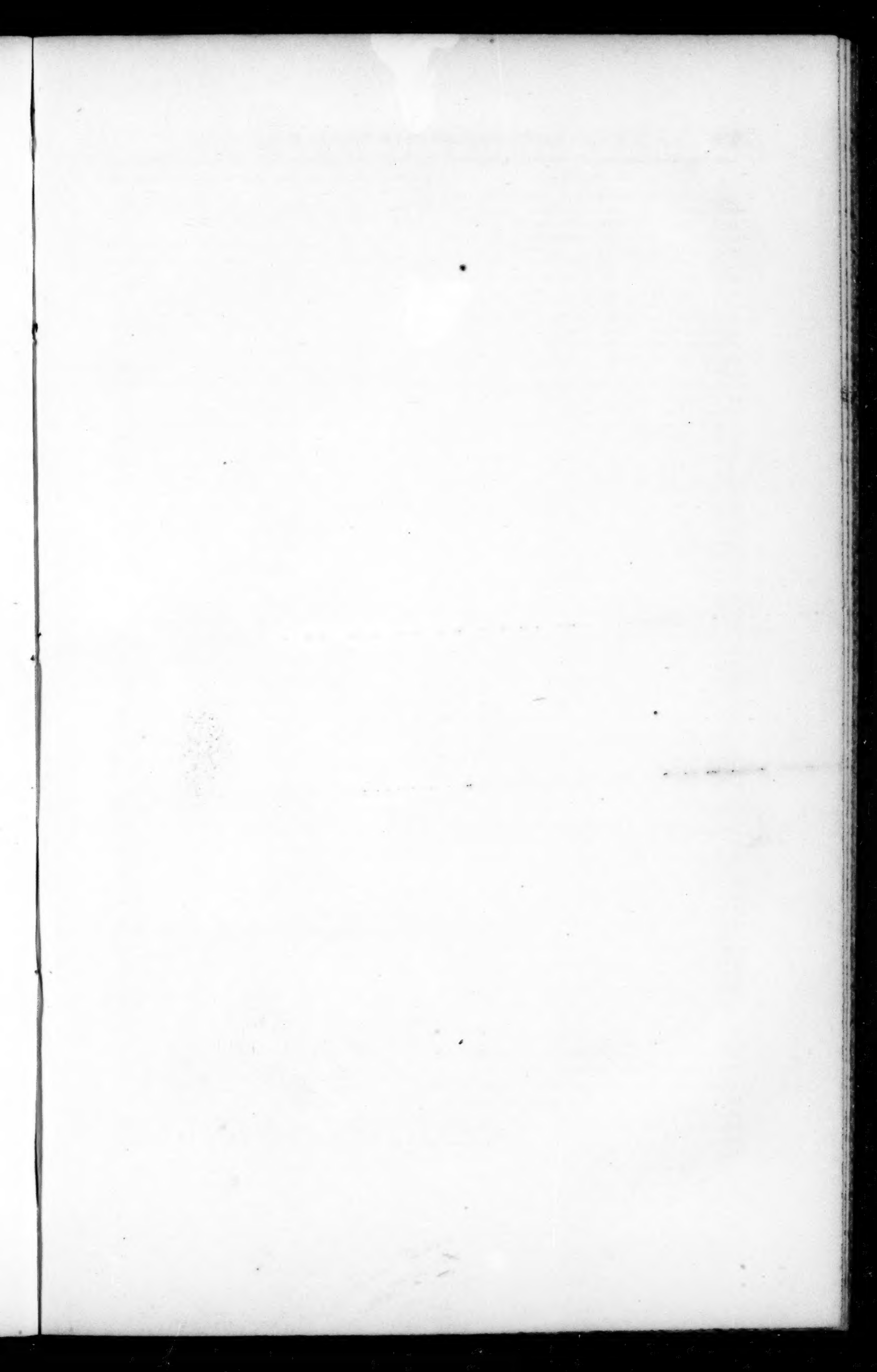
## EDITOR'S TABLE.

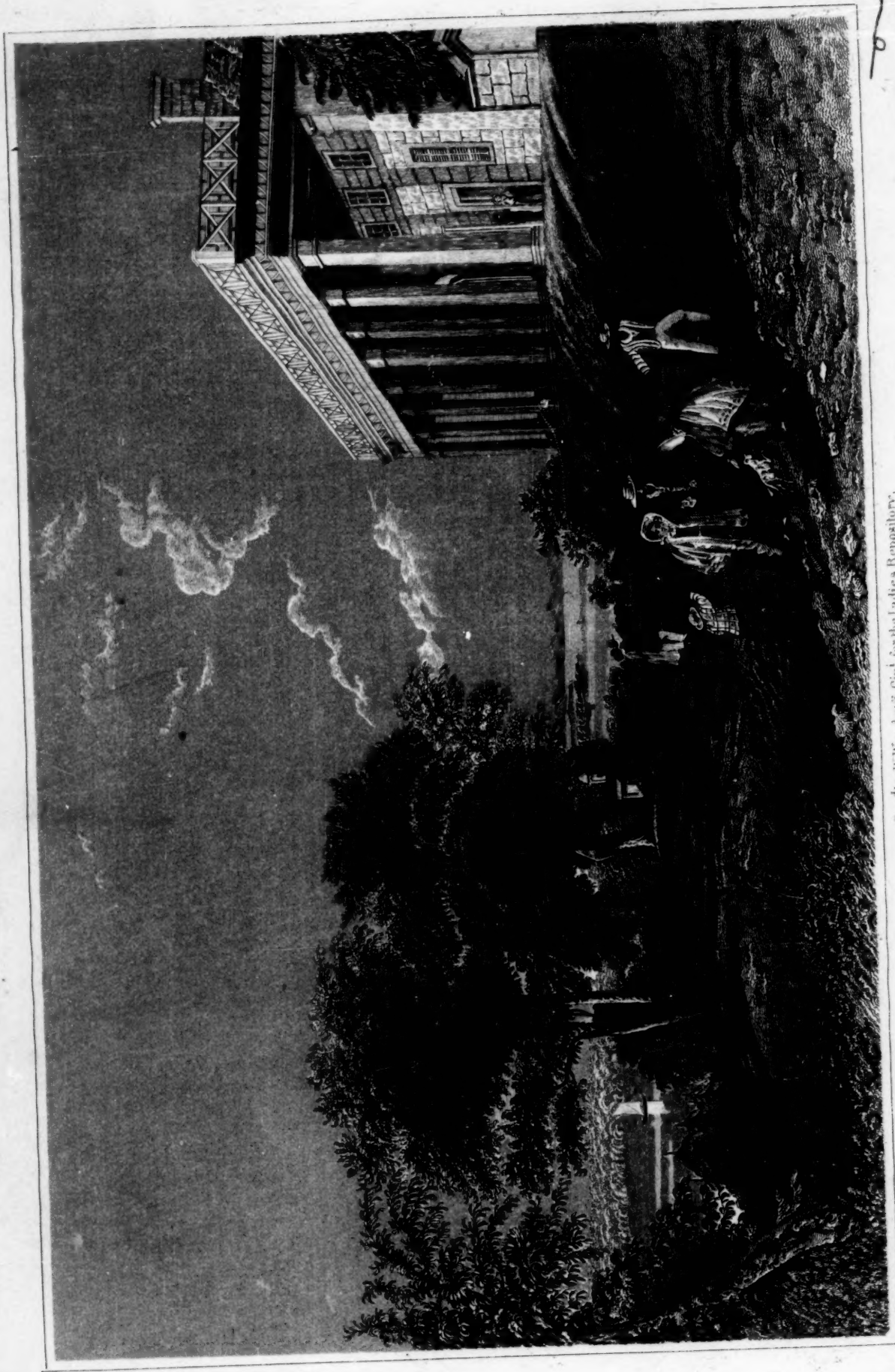
**ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.**—Cincinnati is in a fair way to outdo all the cities of America in the proposed enterprise of purchasing the best telescope in the world. A society has been formed for this object, and funds will soon be secured to make the purchase. Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati College, is entitled to the honor of originating and conducting this scheme. He proposes to purchase an instrument of about one-fifteenth greater power, if we understand him, than that of the Russian Emperor's, which is believed to be the best in existence. Mr. Mitchell's lectures on astronomy have attracted much attention the past winter, and it will be a happy circumstance that when the telescope arrives, which will probably be within twelve months, he will be here to use it. It will be the means of exciting popular attention to the subject of astronomy; and we know not but, in the issue, some future scientific mechanic of this city will, in consequence of this movement, beat the whole world in the construction of telescopes; and some judicious star-gazer may make discoveries which will astonish and delight mankind. We recommend to our young readers the study of astronomy. It will, in addition to its present entertainments, prepare them to converse on a subject which will soon be of the highest interest. It is inevitable that the execution of its plan by the Astronomical Society will render astronomy the all-absorbing theme.

**GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The cornerstone of a neat chapel, to accommodate the German Methodists of this city, was laid early in June. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Rev. Adam Miller, German missionary of this city, by Rev. E. W. Sehon, and others. A subscription of \$150 was received on the ground. The chapel will be forty by sixty, with a good basement entirely above ground, and a chapel with about 500 sittings. It is now nearly ready for occupancy.

The friends of German missions have reason to thank God and take courage. It is five years since these missions began to prosper. Now there are 1400 converts, nearly twenty missionaries in the field, and about ten good chapels erected and being erected. A religious paper of the highest literary and theological merit circulates to the amount of 1500 numbers among a people who love to read; and the Lord of the harvest is evidently crowning this great enterprise with his special blessing.







Engr'd by W. Woodruff. Cinc<sup>i</sup> for the Ladies Repository.

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